

NEW SERIES. No. 1.

THE SATIRIST, OR MONTHLY METEOR.

AUGUST 1st, 1812.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our most cordial and unfeigned thanks to our numerous friends for their promised support.—With contributions, such as we know must be the fruits of their exertions, we have no fears for the rapid success of the Satirist.—The admiration claimed by productions of genuine taste and ability is not extinct, though some pretenders seem to doubt its existence.

Antiquitas will see we have inserted his *Essay on Matrimony*, though rather long and incongenial with our plan.—The mind it displays will prove our apology to our readers, more especially as we have enlarged our limits for its reception, and we trust insure us the future correspondence of *Antiquitas*.

The *Loves of May* has also found a ready insertion, even in August. The temperature of that month, in our changeable clime, suits the sweet verse.—Its originality of

thought, and easy gaiety of style, would recommend it in December.

The address to the *Setting Sun*, commencing with
“See ORIENT beams the Setting Sun”—
is altogether inadmissible.

To *A. B. C.* we have returned his MSS. The Satirist will never enter into *private life* to lash vice, however infamous.—When it assumes in *public* the garb of virtue, he will tear off the dangerous disguise without mercy.

“*An Early Friend*” will also find his communications at our office. Though he has adopted that signature, we think we can penetrate his design.—Like greater men, he would do us the utmost injury under the mask of friendship.

Theatricus may be assured that the theatre shall hereafter form a very prominent feature in the Satirist.

“*L. L. D.*” ought to take another *lettered* title.—We would recommend to him, *A. S. S.*

“*Miser*”—is *Miser—able!* We earnestly desire his correspondence.

“*Philo Columbiæ*” has too many companions in this country. We wish they were *Philo Britannicæ*.—Mr. Whitbread, or Mr. Brougham, would thank him for his hints, but we are surprised he should ever have offered them to us!!

“*Die-o'-Genius*” shall be attended to.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE last number of the Satirist announced to the world that the whip, which has heretofore been so ably managed to the discomfiture of vice and the abashment of folly, was transferred into other hands; to hands not, indeed, unaccustomed to wield a pen in labours for the public view, but trembling with apprehension at the magnitude and importance of the task they have now undertaken.

SATIRE is a potent instrument, and, as it is employed, adorns with honour or confounds with shame the author who dares to use it.—Well directed, impartially administered, and dispassionately applied to the correction of crimes that “flaunt in the broad face of day,” no one can doubt the usefulness of its tendency, or deny it the praise of being the most efficient friend to virtue. On the other hand, if calculated only to gratify envy, to satiate private malignity, to disseminate slander, and poison the confidence of social intercourse, there is not a curse within the wrath of Heaven more afflicting, nor a wretch upon earth more detestable, than the man who can address it to purposes so base.—With these feelings upon the subject, the readers of this NEW SERIES of a work, which has in many respects been hitherto pre-eminently useful, need be under no apprehension of ever meeting in our page with matter to shock decency, to outrage society, to disturb the peace of families, or sport with individual happiness.—While we shall attempt to follow the better part of the example of our predecessors, in baring imposture, however curiously concealed; in scourging infamy, however highly elevated; in holding religious hypocrisy and wickedness up to detestation, and political tergiversation up

to scorn; we shall maintain that respect for the opinions of the wise and the good—we shall maintain that respect for the approbation of our own hearts, so to conduct ourselves that we may ever exclaim with the poet,

“Curst be the verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one virtuous man our foe.”

The management of this work must, in consequence of the event we have alluded to, undergo a very considerable alteration.—In what the change will consist we shall leave our future numbers to demonstrate; and now only say, that in the Political, Theatrical, Critical, and Reviewing Departments, great additions are intended to be made. Although, in conformity with our title, the denunciation of guilt, and the castigation of folly, will still continue to be the prominent and distinguishing feature of the Satirist, yet, as we only lash vice to serve the cause of virtue, we shall devote our pages, with equal readiness and pleasure to communications which have for their object to promote the same end, though through a different medium and in an opposite way.

To instruct is our first object—to amuse, our next; and, in order more pointedly to effect the latter purpose, our readers will find we have devoted a portion of our limits exclusively to productions of the lighter species.—*The Moon* shall shine every month! and we trust to see it always well filled!

As addresses of this kind are generally uninteresting, we shall trespass no further upon the public patience, than to invite Correspondents, whose favours shall be attended to with that politeness and consideration they merit.—To Contributors, who desire pecuniary remuneration for their assistance, our wish is to be most liberal: to those who aid us gratuitously, we shall make the only return they will receive—our gratitude.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARICATURES.

THE Caricature, with which the NEW SERIES of the Satirist commences, represents that work under a *new type*, viz. a Coach! In this coach John Bull and his fine family are, "well pleased," enjoying a charming ride. Behind them are the remains of the knaves pilloried, and scoundrels hanged, by our predecessors.—Before them are a party of miscreants, yet about the cauldron of Ill, with

Double, double, toil and trouble !

endeavouring to raise the flame of discord, and from their "poisoned entrails" form a spell to eclipse the glories of Britain. Against these secret, dark, and midnight fiends, these

*Black Spirits and white,
Red Spirits and GREY,*

the Satirist is driving at full speed; and it appears evident that his spanking cattle will overwhelm them and their mischievous plottings.

The coachman is "bang up and prime," tipping the lash to folly, in the shape of a flock of geese.—The monster, Vice, is trampled beneath the feet of the horses, under the emblem of which noble *animal* the Satirist has *personified* (excuse the bull) his kind literary friends, who have promised him their support.—They are not old worn-out hacks, in whom viciousness is the only thing resembling spirit—but well-bred, high-mettled, and true blood creatures, capable of any feat, either against the

field, or *against Time*. A few asses are braying in a corner; for when and where will not

“ASSES BRAY.”

The picture belonging to the preceding number of the Satirist, and which was omitted for the causes therein assigned, is of a political nature. The subject is the late disgraceful attempt of the *Talents Lords* to degrade their Prince in the matter of the household—an attempt which, if any proof of the designs of that party were *now* necessary, has most completely proved, that power unrestrained, and influence unlimited, are their sole objects; and that the good of their country is far from their deliberations. An attempt which, as Lord Moira justly observes, “proclaimed a view to notes little reconcileable to the attention which we (the *Opposition*) profess to pay to the purity of parliament.”

The Regent fills the center of the plate, in the attitude of offering to surrender the kitchen-stuff, or *fat*, which these greedy lords demand as indispensable to their undertaking the salvation of their country! Between his Royal Master, and a requisition so imperious and debasing, Earl Moira proudly stands, and with his person protects the Prince from his *Early Friends*. These Early Friends are seen arm and arm, linked in political union, with their staunch party in their rear, armed with spits, *brooms*, and various instruments of *offence*, determined to adhere together, in order to force themselves into place.—On the right of the Prince, the household are engaged in their several offices; the chief cook (Lord L——l) is taking candle’s ends and cheese-parings from the tub of kitchen-stuff, to distribute among the workmen employed in repairing the buttresses of the palace. The under cook

(Lord E——n) is up to the elbows in business.—Two of the kitchen maids (Lords Ch——y and H——d) are stirring a pot of soup, with a gold stick and chamberlain's wand; and the *Vice Chamber-maid* is receiving *ad-vice* from a sly, droll, clever, and patriotic fellow who has found his way into the kitchen among the girls!—A number of *rats* appear running about in confusion on the foreground.

METHODISM.

AT Winchester assizes, John James, a youth of nineteen years of age, was convicted of the wilful murder of his mistress, Elizabeth Hill, at Shalfleet, in the Isle of Wight.—This hapless victim to fanaticism was found (June 21st) lying on the kitchen floor with three deep wounds, inflicted with a hatchet, on her head and face, and her throat cut across. On interrogating James, who was deliberately walking before the house, he very calmly confessed the foul deed, without being able to assign any motive that could induce him to commit it. He appeared wholly unmoved during the trial, heard the awful sentence of the law with indifference, and retired without having uttered a word beyond a refusal to say any thing. Afterwards, when strongly pressed to disclose the probable motive of his conduct, he referred the inquirers, without comment, to the 3d Chapter of Job.

This wretch is, it seems, an *Enthusiast in the Methodist persuasion*; and the horrid fact, above related, speaks more than volumes, the baneful effects that are growing out of the propagation of the doctrines of that sect among the lower orders of the people.—Poor ignorant creatures are thus deluded to their destruction; vulgar and literal conceptions of passages in the holy Scriptures are substituted for enlarged and enlightened views of them; faith is made the atonement for the most diabolical crimes; and the whole moral system is annihilated by the pestiferous workings of villainy upon credulity.

On this subject we have much, much to say: at present we shall leave the dreadful example of misguided religious principles, and fanatical madness, to make its own impression on the public mind. When the beautiful lamentation of the afflicted Job, “*a perfect and upright man, that feared God, and eschewed evil,*” could, from the fatal prejudices and mischievous tendencies of methodism, become the source of murder and assassination, surely every eye must be opened to the dreadful prospect we have before us, as a nation, in the persevering proselytism of that sect.

If the Satirist can tear the mask from their visage, and show its deformity, he will consider his exertions for the public weal amply rewarded.—In the mean time he will only add, that the suicides and assassinations which are daily disgracing the country, do not to him appear to be at all surprising or unaccountable!!!

CHARACTERISTICS OF PATRIOTIC WRITERS.

WHEN 'tis the fashion to disturb the state,
 Each wretched scribbler vilifies the great;
 Gives to his envious spleen a boundless loose,
 And loads exalted names with low abuse;
 Adds lie to lie, and, without truth or sense,
 Can various tales to listening fools dispense;
 Who add, repeat, and, if their voice can give
 Such falsehoods credit, make the slanders live;
 Till beyond all belief the fables swell,
 And the huge lie becomes too big to tell.

Such are the arts our modern patriots love;
 On such they fatten, and in gains improve;
 New labourers come to share the traitor's hire,
 In prose or rhyme, still ready to conspire
 Against the public peace; with pious zeal
 By libels to promote the common weal,
 By praising France, Napoleon's plans withstand,
 And by abusing Britain, serve the land.

All profit by the trade; or if they write
 With pointed malice, or with stupid spite,
 Sneer in strong terms, or vulgarly revile,
 Hunt, Cobbett, Perry, on their works will smile,
 And give the public what their slaves compile.
 However flat, unjust, injurious, stale,
 Scandal will please—abuse will have a sale—
 This the sole object of their virtuous toils,
 Let Britain perish—so they share her spoils.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

Addressed to Viscount Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

AMONG the subjects taken up by Parliament during the present long session, there is not one of greater interest, whether considered morally or politically, than that connected with the conduct of the French prisoners of war in this country. We lament that the excessive mischiefs, growing out of the present system, have for so great a length of time escaped legislative interference; and we equally lament that the interference now applied is so partial and inadequate to the exigencies of the case. So far as they go, the enactments in Lord Castlereagh's Bill meet our approbation; for though we may not be able to correct Gallic dishonour, we may at least use our endeavours to punish British disloyalty: but one great objection to the measure is, that it is satisfied with lopping away a rotten bough, and does not strike at the root of the evil, or attempt to remedy a growing malady, so fatal to our dearest hopes, that we cannot contemplate its progress without entertaining the most gloomy apprehensions of the ultimate result. The poison is in our veins, and the infection spreading with mortal rapidity—The whole body politic is in danger of dissolution. It is not then enough to make local applications: a radical disorder must be conquered by a radical medication.

In treating of this matter we shall look at it in two points of view; the *first*, that which has not yet been taken up for public animadversion; namely, the moral effects of the existing mode of disposing of the French prisoners on

• parole; and the *second*, that more obnoxious consideration which has attracted general notice, the frequent and systematic escape of these prisoners.

Of these, the first is of infinitely the most vital importance.—The escape of two or three hundred dishonest Frenchmen can cause little injury to Britain, or be of small benefit to her enemy; but the taint of her population, the introduction and dissemination of foreign opinions and foreign vices, the corruption of her principles, the contamination of her mind, and the debasement of her spirit, are indeed worthy of the dearest attention of the statesman, and call aloud on Government, if it be yet possible, to step forward and save their country from the sure, inevitable, and horrible consequences—“*If it be yet possible,*” we repeat, in demanding for the people of Britain the most earnest and speedy regards of ministers to this subject; for it is astonishing and afflicting to observe the extent to which the mischief has already spread.

It is known to our readers, that the manner of disposing of French officers, prisoners of war, who have been admitted to their *parole d'honneur*, is to distribute them in divisions, of from fifty to five hundred in number, in such towns and villages as may be most conveniently allotted for their reception. In this way they are dispersed not only over the counties of England, but throughout the island, embracing the remotest north of Scotland, and the furthest west of Wales—From the *ultima Thule* to the Land's-end, they come into general contact with the whole population of the British empire.

This is the state in which we are placed.—Will any man say that we may expect to be bettered by this new intercourse? or will he not rather exclaim with our own immortal bard,

"It will not, and it cannot come to good?"

Of all the melancholy prospects that can be opened to the eye of a friend to his country, there is not one more lamentable than the contemplation of that change, which the presence of these prisoners has already wrought on the habits and nature of the inhabitants of places where they have been quartered. We have visited some of the most remote with which we were previously acquainted —the alteration is obvious and heart-rending—every

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain"

has been converted into the seat of folly, dissipation, debauchery, and wickedness, that would deform the veriest dens of iniquity which shun the light in the most obscure nooks of an abandoned metropolis.—This is no exaggerated statement; alas! it is too true! Government have put a stop to the exhibition of French theatricals; would to Heaven they could put a period to the progressive encroachments of French immorality, and to the gradual insinuating substitution of French philosophy for British integrity.

We have all witnessed the effects of introducing regiments even of our native soldiers into country towns: large bodies of men have a certain and obvious tendency to corrupt and destroy the remnant of innocence and virtue which yet blesses the condition of those who are far removed from the contagion of cities, and unfrequent in their commerce with the world.—What then must be the deplorable consequences arising from this free, close, and intimate commixture and connexion with men, whom (it was no unwise principle in our forefathers to inculcate) the people ought to be taught to look upon as their natural enemies? We are not afraid of the charge of illiberality when we say that we augur no future lustre on the Bri-

tish name, from the new light of extreme hospitality to these persons. They are prisoners, and deserve our pity—they are in distress, and merit our compassion ; but we need not clasp them in our bosoms, and hug them to our hearts, for they are still our foes, and have encountered the misfortunes in which they are involved in promoting the cause of universal tyranny, in the service of a despot, the most cruel that every disgraced the annals of history, and in the prosecution of those iniquitous plans whose scope, end, and object, is the subjugation and desolation of our country. Is it then for such men, for their convenience and their pleasure, that we see the most lovely scenes in Britain appropriated ? Is it for their accommodation that we risk the corruption of the lower orders of the people, the debauchery of the young, the alienation of the old ? Is it for them (mark the return made for it on our countrymen in a similar situation in France) that we submit to the invasion of our most sacred recesses, that we expose our ill-informed to specious delusions dangerous to the state, our females to insult and seduction, ourselves to the infection of bad example, and our whole mass to the poisonous inroad of foreign depravity ? —We shall not proceed with the picture—the huge evil cries aloud to our legislators for redress and remedy.

With regard to the second topic, on which we proposed to offer a few remarks, as the subject has been taken up in the House of Commons, it will be the less necessary for us to intrude upon our readers at any considerable length*. We shall briefly confine ourselves to the proud and gratifying contrast afforded by the different conduct of Frenchmen and Englishmen under similar circumstances. We have often had the gratification of seeing the national pre-eminence of character evinced

* It is also ably handled by our correspondent. *Philip off.*

under the influence of prosperity; we have now the pleasure of beholding it equally uncontestedly established, under the pressure of adversity. We have seen the sons of Britain temperate in the hour of danger, and moderate in the hour of victory: we now see that the "soul of honour" which made them so, is alike strong to bear them up in the hour of difficulty, of captivity, and of oppression.—How glorious are the facts recorded in the proceedings of the British Parliament—One Englishman has broke his word and escaped from France—that one a mere youth, whose father had obtained his release from the same imprisonment, and whose heart burst with impatience at the desire of following his parent.—And what has been his fate, and what his reception by our Government? Though the son of a gallant and veteran officer (Capt. W—), though recommended by the highest interest, and though his offence against the code of honour was accompanied by circumstances to render it venial and excusable, if the breach of his word can be excusable in an officer—though all these things combined in his favour, he has been dismissed from a profession which can admit of no blot, and the British navy purified from a stain which, in the opinion of the most rigid, would admit of at least some extenuation in the person of this unfortunate young man.—The court of admiralty have determined that he is no longer fit to serve His Majesty.

To this public fact we shall add another, not so well known, yet equally honourable to our national name, and characteristic of the sentiments by which our gallant defenders are actuated. A lieutenant of our navy, Lieut. A*****n, was made prisoner on one of the enemy's West India islands, while on shore reconnoitring: he was admitted to his *parole*; but in a few days, while visiting a midshipman in the hospital (who was wounded and taken at the same time), he was without any assignable reason there detain-

ed and kept a close prisoner. It happened, however, that through the means of an American captain he had an opportunity of quitting the place of his confinement. He proceeded to the shore, found a boat and launched it. The frigate to which he belonged lay at the distance of two miles—wind, tide, and the occasion suited. He leapt into the boat, which in a few minutes would convey him to liberty, to his countrymen, and his friends; but the recollection shot across his mind, that he had pledged his word of honour to his gaolers; from this sacred pledge he did not think their subsequent treatment and unjust confinement had released him. With a sigh he abandoned all the joy in his grasp, and preferred honour and a dungeon to freedom and the reproach of his own mind. In the morning he was found by the guard, in the place where they had secured him on the preceding night!

This anecdote requires no comment; and we have only to state, for the satisfaction of our readers, that our noble countryman was soon after liberated by the capture of the island!!!

This is the British portrait. Shall we proceed to paint the other, and say—

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this?

* * * * *

No; though we rejoice and triumph in the presentment of this, with all the grace seated upon its brow, we have not a wish to humiliate even an enemy, so far as to exhibit the reverse. To the proclamations in every Gazette, and advertisements in every newspaper, for run-away French generals and inferior officers, who have deserted in breach of their *parole d'honneur*, we refer our readers for the context to the foregoing observations, and con-

clude with this remark, that, from the highest to the lowest among them, we have daily examples of the want of principle, the lapse of honour, and the degradation of national character, unknown to the ancient and better times of France.



SALE OF UNREDEEMED PLEDGES,
AND
SECOND-HAND GOODS.

Mr. SATIRIST,

BEING an idler on the town, I endeavour to fill up my time by visiting almost every place that is opened for the admission of the public. I have run the course of theatres, exhibitions, shows, museums, sparring matches, &c. &c. till I am tired of them, and it was not till the other day that my prolific genius struck out another prolific source of amusement in the AUCTION ROOMS, the hammers belonging to which may be heard knocking down bargains of every description, from one end of London to the other. As the newspapers employ no reporters to give an account of the proceedings at these places, I have thought that it would while away a little more of my waste time, and perhaps divert your readers, were I to transmit a short description of some of the most curious sales I have been able to attend. The first I shall describe was a sale of unredeemed pledges, and of second-hand goods, of no further use to their owners, which took

place at Robins's, on the — ultimo. Among the most remarkable lots were the following: (N. B. those marked P. were pledges—O. old goods.)

Lot I. P. A gold box, in which Mr. G. L. W——dle had received the freedom of a great corporation.

It was knocked down to Mr. BROUGHAM, who was picking his teeth, and reading the Morning Chronicle, in a corner; but while the box was handing to him, he happened to cast his eye on a paragraph, stating that the cutlers of Sheffield had voted him a piece of plate, to be purchased by subscriptions at *sixpence* each. He then declared that he had never bid for the article, which, after some dispute, was resold to a Jew for *fusion*. A wit present remarked, that this was very appropriate, as the box was originally the reward of *con-fusion*.

Lot II. P. A silver ditto, containing the freedom of the city of Bristol; knocked down to the same after a contest with Mr. HORNER, who bid for the two last articles as *bullion*, but would not give a paper penny for them more than their weight at the standard price.

One of the spectators expressed his surprise to Mr. W——dle, that he should have disposed of these *honourable* marks of distinction; to which the patriot Colonel replied, that necessity had no law, and that having received his *freedom* with these boxes, he had certainly a (W)right to *make free* with them. Having said this, with a triumphant air he swung round, and unfortunately exposed a rent in the rear of his inexpressibles.—The wit, already noticed, immediately observed, that the Colonel would shortly be in want of a *new seat*; to which another smartly rejoined, “If he can *win** it, he will wear it.”

* Quere. Wynne it.—Sat.

Lot III. O. Three cast wigs of the late Lord Chancellor Erskine.—They were purchased by Sir Samuel Romilly; but afterwards returned, as it was found they *would not fit*.

Lot IV. O. Two gowns and wigs, lately belonging to Sir V. Gibbs.—Upon this lot a warm struggle ensued between the Solicitor-general Plomer and Serjeant Lens.—The former bid cautiously; though, having lost a large sum of money through the means of a Welch agent, induced him to be more anxious to have the articles at second hand. They were ultimately knocked down to him.—Mr. Garrow instantly became a *Solicitor* for two of his gowns and wigs at the same price, which offer was readily accepted.

Lot V. P. One hundred old sets of Cobbett's Register.—It was with great difficulty the auctioneer could get this lot *put in* at any price; but at last Mr. Wishart, the Snuffman, put them in at one pound, for shop-paper.—No offers ensued, although the pawnbroker to whom the property belonged read to the company a long letter, proving his right to dispose of them at this period, as he could make no money by them; and Mr. Cobbett, who was present, lustily exerted himself to get some of his friends *to advance on the first bidding*—but all in vain.

Lot VI. The first numbers of the *Reflector*. This lot was sold for a dollar to Sir F. Burdett, who candidly confessed that no man stood more in want of *reflection* than he did. On looking into the work, however, he discovered that it was intended for *posterity*, and threw it at the head of a little fellow who was *Hunting Cobbett* about the room, exclaiming—"With posterity neither you nor I have any thing to do."

Lot VII. P. A *Time-piece*, bought by Lord Erskine, who ordered it to be sent to his lodge at Hampstead.

Lot VIII. P. A patent neck-chain. **Lord Grenville** said he purchased it for his absent friend **Lord Grey**. His lordship himself never *redeems his pledges*.

Lot IX. P. An American bonnet, of feathers and the bark of a tree; the distinguishing ornament worn by Indian chiefs, and bestowed by them on persons they most highly esteem.—This lot was strenuously contested by **Mr. Whitbread**, **Mr. Brougham**, **Mr. Baring**, **Lord Stanley**, and others, but finally knocked down to **Mr. Whitbread**, who strutted away with it on his head, and threw his *old English hat* out of the window.

Lot X. P. A rusty sword.—**Gen. Tarleton**; when he got it in his hand, he brandished it, and swore it would clear the Peninsula much sooner than the brilliant **Ferrara** of **Lord Wellington**.—Some ladies present looked frightened, but the male part of the company only laughed.

Lot XI. O. A table of figures: a pretty Tunbridge-ware toy, for expediting calculations, showing the day of the week, month, and year, rates of interest, &c. &c. It was bought by **Mr. Bankes**, who observed it was a nice *plaything*, and only wanted a rattle or bells attached to it.

Lot XII. P. A rosary formed of *Lara*, and a cross of *Poplar* wood. The Duke of Sussex, **Lord Donoughmore**, **Mr. Grattan**, **Sir J. C. Hillesley**, **Lord Wellesley**, and **Mr. Canning**, started for this article, which seemed to excite great interest. The two latter gave up the cause, on observing that the cross was cracked, and the beads did not match.—The Royal Duke became the purchaser, and was complimented on the occasion by his opponents, who told him he only wanted a font to be as good a Catholic as the best of them. **H. R. H.** seemed mightily pleas'd with the acquisition of these *inflamed materials*!

Lot XIII. P. A fool's cap. The bidding for this was so hot and extravagant, that I left the room before it was

sold.—All the company were trying it on; and it was wonderful to observe how (being elastic) it accommodated itself to their heads. I have since heard that it brought an immense price, and was purchased by a subscription stock purse for the use of *all the Talents.*

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient Servant,

THOMASO SQUIS.



THE LOVES OF MAY.

INDEED such charms as yours, sweet May,

Might well excuse a slip or two;

But gossip flowers begin to say

Things one could scarcely thing of you!

The lily, like some virgin pure,

Astonish'd, leans upon the sedge ;

The pretty primrose sits demure,

Shock'd, at the bottom of the hedge.

Nor flowers alone report the tales,

Such gossips might be deem'd untrue;

But meads and groves, banks, streams, and gales,

Conspire to whisper shame on you.

" And what then?" Dare you ask it, May,

While all the vales declare it true?

What! answer your own question, pray?—

What pass'd between young spring and you?

In vain you thought the dark would hide;

The morning peep'd across the night,

And caught you more than side by side,

And blush'd more crimson at the sight.

In vain you thought the grove conceal'd :—

The west wind crept among the trees,
And all the secret soon reveal'd,
In whispers to each passing breeze.

In vain you thought all nature slept,

A secret eye observ'd your bliss ;
Awake on purpose Silence kept,
And softly counted every kiss.

The merry birds the whole affair
Had learnt before the sun rose long ;
And through the carol-shaken air
They tun'd it in each amorous song.

In vain would you deny, fair May :

The ground itself a witness proves ;
The grass is greener where you lay,
And new-blown flowers betray your loves.

Well may the zephyrs whisper sighs,

When things like this are brought to fame ;

Well may the morning's colour rise,
And all the roses blush with shame.

Well may the flowers so gossip it,

Well be surpris'd the lily pure,

Well may the pretty primrose sit
So sweetly pensive and demure.

Nor is this all, O wayward May !

When such examples once you lend,

Who knows what hearts are led astray,

Or where love's mischief finds an end ?

Our chastest maids the infection feel :

The fluttering glowing passion swells ;

Nor can the downcast eye conceal

What the quick throbbing bosom tells.

ESSAY ON MATRIMONY.

Hail! wedded love,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets—
• • • • *

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels——

MILTON.

For marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship —
• • • • *

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?

SHAKSPEARE.

MARRIAGE is a subject which has employed the pens of so many sorts of men, both wise and foolish, that it is impossible for me to say any thing *absolutely new* on the theme.—For which reason, instead of laying down rules for the conduct of those who are either actually, or intend soon to be, engaged in that state, to which I know they will not pay the smallest attention, I shall confine myself to a bare enumeration of the different opinions, allusions, allegories, and metaphors, under which the writers of past ages have considered and depicted an action that comprises so important a part of the life of almost every human creature in the civilised world.

Those writings which lay claim to the greatest antiquity, and are generally attributed to the famous Hebrew lawgiver, in attempting to give an account of the origin of man, and the first production of the human species, repre-

sent this condition of life in the most glowing colours, as a state of paradise and innocence almost coeval with creation, and contemporary to man in his earliest stage of existence.

From this author we learn, that when the benign Being had made all we now see, for the use of his new creature; had conferred on him the dominion of earth, sea, and air; placed him amid the enchantments of nature (yet in the first bloom of freshness and youth), the melody of birds, the delicacies of smell, the unsophisticated gratifications of taste, the fragrance of flowers, the prospect of delightful fields, and the grandeur of the heavens, he was resolved to consummate all this felicity, by bestowing on him a partner of angelic perfections; who like himself, blest with the gifts of reason and speech, should be capable of increasing all these enjoyments, doubling all his happiness, and rendering Paradise itself more lovely.

'Twas then he formed WOMAN!—who, says this venerable Seer—was designed to be, and indeed then was, an epitome of every thing graceful and becoming in the universe: the beauties, every where scattered and shared among other parts of the creation, were here united in full force and effect.—For this he arched her brows like the heavens; gave her eyes the light of day; spread her cheeks with the blushes of the morning; assigned to her voice the melody of the grove; bathed her lips in dewy sweetness encircled with smiles, and endued her breath with the fragrance of the balmy air.

Thus finished and adorned, he brought her to the transported lover, gave the radiant bride into his arms, and was pleased himself to assist at the solemnization of their heaven-made nuptials.—He blessed the wedded pair, and bade them increase, multiply, and pro-

pagate a race to succeed to the same happiness and union.

This is a summary of that account which the famous poet, historian, antiquary, and legislator, gives us of marriage in its first state and original purity.—And, indeed, from so prosperous a commencement, one would naturally expect a never-ending continuance of delight. But how are we disappointed, when, in the writings of succeeding ages, we read of a very different face of affairs, and find marriage painted in colours of a gloomier sort?—When we see the creature, Woman, that we set out so illustriously in its beginning, all of a sudden deviating so much from the purpose of its creation, that were she and her companion once more placed in the garden, instead of being the partner of his felicity, now only capable of corrupting the beauties of the place, rendering ineffectual all the vast scheme of bliss, and converting Paradise into a scene of torment.

These writers have not scrupled to assert that the tongue,

"That delightful engine of her thoughts,"

which formerly used to emit the sweetest modulations of harmony to charm the ravished ear, is degraded into the source of the discordant sounds of scolding and defamation; and the heart, which was wont to overflow with tenderness and complacency, filled with jealousy, alienation, and disgust. Thus the gifts of speech, and reason, which we desired as the highest ornaments of the sex, to accomplish them completely for the conversation of their companion, are altogether perverted; the one so prodigiously increased, as to become utterly insupportable; the other so much diminished as scarcely to be distinguishable, unless, according to some theorists, glimmering remains of it yet appear, even at this day, in the arts of intrigue.

How this sad revolution in the affairs of the human race happened, the venerable Seer, before alluded to, informs us.—But as the particulars of that melancholy event are perfectly known, I shall only mention, that by the fond credulity of the husband, and the fatal curiosity of the wife, the goodly fabric was overturned, and the first pair saw themselves constrained, ere the honeymoon was passed, to abandon the garden and all its delights—

“ They, looking back, all th’ eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav’d over by the flaming brand ; the gate
With dreadful faces throng’d and fiery arms :

* * * * *

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest.”

Yet, whatever passions and disorders this terrible catastrophe introduced into the temper and life of man, marriage still retained much of its former integrity; the polite animosities that now constitute so essential a part of the behaviour of a fine couple, were yet unknown—none of these fashionable struggles for power and supremacy—no encroachments on prerogative, which was then perfectly and amicably adjusted.

The husband went forth and invited the traveller into his tent, the wife prepared the bath, washed the stranger’s feet, and set food before him.—He, by his labour and industry, earned sustenance abroad, and she was busied with domestic cares at home; for visits, and female parties of pleasure, were not then invented.—She met him with cheerfulness when he returned in the evening from the toils of the day; he reckoned her smiles sufficient recompense for his fatigues; and she was pleased

her smiles could make him happy, to whom she owed her ease and support.

Marriage was defined by the philosophers of those days—"A voluntary association of two persons of different sexes, met together for one purpose, and with one mind, for their mutual felicity and comfort, by a friendly participation of each other's joys and cares"—for cares, as I have said, had lately crept into human life.

But in process or time, when shepherds, who, in the first ages of the world, were the governors of regions, degenerated into kings, and sheepfolds and tents into courts and palaces, matrimony, which subsisted in some purity to this period, began to assume a very different aspect.

Much about this epoch arose a new school of philosophers, who have since propagated into the numerous sect called WITS. By them marriage is depicted, a state of war, confusion, and anarchy—the woman contending for sway, the man for freedom; she taught to dress, he to drink; she keeping company, and he, hounds.—The wife, in their picture, treats her husband's friends with indifference and contempt; his enemies with familiarity and attention: the husband sets spies to watch her conduct, to pry into the secrets of the toilet, and the mysteries of the card-table; she prepares for safety, by intrusting her affairs to the guidance of a renowned female politician, since so well known by the name of waiting-maid.

Thus furnished for mutual offence, they commence hostilities for life.

Marriage now comes to be defined—"An accidental or forced compliance of two persons of different sexes, uniting for different purposes, and with different intentions, to pursue separate pleasures, and throw the weight of their cares on each other."

So let us figure to ourselves a lady at her table, amidst the flutter of fops and the laughter of fools; and a man over his third bottle, amidst the vociferations and imprecations of drunken disputants, without any connexion or concern for one another—and it will give us a complete idea of what the moderns call a FAMILY.

I shall now proceed to enumerate the several metaphors and similes under which wits have represented this great subject, as I find them recorded in that immense treasury of female knowledge, *Romances*, *Novels*, and *Plays*, which contain the whole system of modern philosophy.—I once intended to specify the particular time when each simile or allusion was introduced, and by what philosopher; but though the attempt would redound much to my honour as a profound critic, and much to the edification of my readers, yet since the ladies and beaux, for whom I chiefly write, have declared that every thing not absolutely necessary is impertinent, that prolixity is abominable, and essays a bore, and for another reason, best known to myself, I shall wave that design, and proceed directly to the work in hand.

The first comparison I shall mention, for which I could bring many great authorities, is that of the PLAGUE.

The authors of this allusion, doubtless, intended to represent by it, the vast ravages and devastations committed among mankind; that it spared no age, quality, or office of life—that its infection was swift and universal, like the destroying angel in holy writ; at the same time spreading slaughter and ruin, glory and brightness: for woman (say they) is the inflictor of all the evils in marriage, and performs the work of the devil with the countenance of a seraph.—Some ingenious critics have thought that Thucydides, in that beautiful relation of the plague at Athens, which happened during the Peloponnesian war, of which

he owns himself to have been sick, and to have felt all its evil, intended to typify the preternatural desire of marriage, which at that time seized the Athenian state, by the physicians in those days called a *lues matrimonialis*—this was so universal, says the historian, that the whole city ran to the fanes and temples, and died (i. e. were cured) of it at the foot of the altars, insomuch that the priests were not able to perform the requisite ceremonies and rites, (busy times! what would a poor Welch curate give for such?) but became as much infected as their patients: those who could not get access, perished in the open streets. The magistrates applied all rational measures to put a stop to its rage, but to no purpose, until beyond hope it stopped of itself.—Others are of opinion, that, however apposite this simile might have been in the days of the Athenians, it has quite lost its propriety now; there being no greater antidote or security against this distemper, than being frequently in company with married people.

Marriage has also been compared to a MADNESS which is sometimes epidemical, and sometimes confined to a few.—As a proof of this, we are desired to consider what an influence the warmer seasons of the year have upon man, and how most people marry about the time dogs run mad!—that, like other kinds of madness, it admits of lucid intervals, in which the husband, who had been wrapt up in the idea of possessing the greatest of all blessings, finds the whole to have been visionary and unreal; not unlike those unfortunate maniacs, who, in their paroxysms, imagine themselves kings and emperors, and grasp the fancied sceptre, but awake from the pleasing delirium to the real horrors of chains, straw, and misery.—This has been ably shown by Hippocrates—to whom refer,

We elsewhere read that marriage is a **CONFLAGRATION**, which every one endeavours to prevent arising in his own house; and if it happens in his neighbour's, does all in his power to hinder it from extending to himself—according to that verse in Horace,

“ *Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.*”

Vide Epistola xviii. ad Lollium.

Some writers have chosen the similitude of a **NET**, in which they represent almost all mankind, sooner or later, caught. This net resembles much, in its nature and use, that famous piece of workmanship which Vulcan framed to surprise his wife and her gallant; both nets are so curious in their texture, at once so slender and strong, that neither subtily nor strength avail to disengage the prisoner from their meshes:—thus Venus, with all a woman's arts and wiles, could not extricate herself, nor Mars, endued with gigantic strength, tear his bonds asunder.—Another point of resemblance between the two nets is, that those who are inveigled into them are exposed to the ridicule of all who look on them, and, what is most wonderful, at the same time to their envy.

Homer tells us, the gods made themselves very merry with their fellow deities, who were enclosed; yet Mercury and Apollo, amidst all their laughter, could not help wishing themselves in the same situation, even at the same expense, which is further confirmed by the undeniably authority of Dr. Cotton—

Mercury.

Yet tho' the sight be but unseemly,
I envy this same Mars extremely,
To be surpris'd in bed with her,
Who is of goddesses the star,

With whom no other can compare,
 For sweetly, excellently fair,
 Believ't Apollo, is most rare !
 And then to be tied to her too,
 With bonds that no one can undo ?
 To her, I say, than fairest fairer,
 Oh, that's more ravishing and rarer.

Apollo.

Thou speak'st so feelingly, I wis
 With such a tickling emphasis,
 As thou'dst a mind to have it thought
 Thou would'st thyself be fain so caught.

Mercury.

Marry, who doubts it ? Ay—Me.

But had their wish been granted, their godships would doubtless have struggled as hard to get out, and have been as glad of their escape, as many worthy readers of this essay, to get rid of their better halves.

The management of this net is altogether the same as those gladiators among the Romans, who were called Retiary, or Net-fighters.

These took the field against an adversary completely armed in proof, with a shield on which was painted the figure of a fish, in allusion to the net.—Their only security consisted in the skilful throwing of their net; for if they missed their throw, they betook themselves to their heels, gathering it up for a second cast; this they performed repeatedly, till they became masters of their enemies, or were obliged to yield.

Thus ladies engage their lover, with their single net against his complete armour; their wiles and artifices against his reason and understanding; in which if they

once enclose him, they render both of no use, and lead him tame about the stage for the diversion of the spectators.

It is observable in the reticular engagement, if a lady throws several times unsuccessfully, she either falls an easy prey to her opponent, or is never after much regarded, let her throw ever so often and skilfully; time insensibly wearing out that maidish machine, so that the game perpetually escapes through some rent or another.

Girls of sixteen or seventeen are much more expert at this mode of fighting, than women of advanced age; the management of the net requiring a greater flippancy of fingers, and a nimbler movement in traversing and shifting, than the latter are able to attain.—The coquette is much more dexterous than the prude, who generally falls in the back-ground of the stage, to the discretion of her pursuer, whereas the coquette seldom misses her aim.

A fifth allusion, which I likewise find recorded, is what the learned call the **Nodus Junonis**, or matrimonial noose.

Those who invented the simile of the snare, make all those who are caught in the gin afford sport to the spectators; but they who contrived the noose, being of a more melancholy and saturnine temperament, endeavour to excite our pity for him who is noosed, as if he was as miserable as an unfortunate malefactor just before the drop descends.

Some have found means to escape the noose, with the very rope about their necks; but it is generally observed, that, like highwaymen, though they get a reprieve for that time, they are always taken again, and meet their fate at last.

The clergy, time immemorial, have had the management of this cord, though they have contrived, with wonderful address, to keep their own necks out of the collar.

This has brought a great deal of raillery on the good men; but as ladies are acute enough in divining the refined meanings of the wits, I shall leave to their imaginations the many excellent things that have been or may be said on the subject.

Much such another metaphor is that of the **TEMO**, or **YOKE**, which the priests have likewise taken under their care, and for many ages usurped the entire direction of.— To the glory of our happy reformation be it said, our clergy have agreed to yoke themselves with us, and are found to draw as peaceably in harness as the most quiet layman.

The writings which contain the great treasure of all modern history, I mean sentimental novels, so generally in the hands of the fair sex, represent marriage under the notion of a **SCREEN** * * * * *

An infamous metaphor, which my respect for the sex would have tempted me to pass unnoticed, but "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amicus veritas,*" shall even in this case be my motto.

These tell us, that when a young lady is tired of the restraints of decency and honour, of which, by the wickedness of custom, she is obliged to observe the outward appearances during the continuance of her unmarried condition, she pitches upon some plain undesigning man for her husband, under whose protection and screen she may indulge in all the profligacy an abandoned mind may suggest, and become, like a coin in a state of currency, passing from hand to hand, daily tarnishing and decreasing in value: instead of endeavouring to be agreeable to her partner for life, lives in a hurry of show, extravagance, and guilt, sacrificing his fortune and quiet to worthless gamesters; his honour, and perhaps his existence, to unprincipled libertines.

"A lady ! Pardon my mistaken pen ;
A shameless woman is the worst of men."

I shall shortly notice how marriage has been called a cheat, a blessing, a curse, the greatest wisdom, and the greatest folly.—Some have likened a wife to a vine, the emblem of fruitfulness and joy; others to a thorn, the inflictor of pain and uneasiness. Some have drawn her a Grace, with smiles in her looks; others a Fury, with a scourge in her hand.

Poets have been thought to delineate marriage very naturally by a JANUS with two faces; the one serene and benign, the other hideous and frightful: they have bestowed on Hymen, the god of marriage, a flame-coloured robe, to express either the glowing affection, or the heats and animosities so frequent between man and wife, and have given him a burning torch, which they have likewise put into the hand of Eris, the goddess of discord.

The Romans, in their marriage rites, divided the hair of the bride with a spear, the emblem of war; and banished Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, and Diana, the goddess of chastity, from having any thing to do in the ceremonies, substituting in their place Pronuba Juno, a haughty, imperious, assuming scold.

Marriage, in our own times, has been compared to those monsters which nature sometimes, erroneously working, produces, by perversely joining two creatures of different species together; the fruits of these conjunctions, though receiving life and nourishment from the same vital source, are seen perpetually quarrelling and tearing each other.

It has also very happily been compared to our glorious CONSTITUTION, which consists of a king and parliament; each possessed of separate and distinct rights and privi-

leges: if these are allowed to perform their functions in a regular and uniform manner, the commonweal is established in its due poize and harmony; but by mutual encroachments, disorder and ruin enter into the state, which never can be restored to its primitive soundness unless by a total dissolution, or a prorogation for a time, till parties meet with more temper and good will towards each other.—Thus man and wife, enjoying by the constitution of nature different prerogatives, while they remain in a natural state without encroachments on either side, live in security and comfort; but when any party breaks through the equality, disorder ensues, till the law produces a remedy, either by dissolving the contract altogether, or separating the disputants for a certain period of time, till they cool and come to a proper understanding.

The last similitude I shall mention, of which all writers on the subject speak with the highest respect, is a SALE; that is, when a young woman of beauty and merit sells herself for what she is worth to a covetous, infirm, old miser, for a jointure; or a fellow of spirit, sense, and abilities, parts with himself into the arms of ugliness and ill-nature for his value in a settlement: when a tradesman, whose father by honest industry has left him an estate, buys so much honour for himself, and good blood and gentility for his children, by putting his quiet into the power of a morose or froward woman of quality; or, when a lady rejects the offers of a worthy man of moderate fortune, for the vanity of a title, equipage, and great estate, clogged with the incumbrance of a fool—

“Thinking that happiness consists in state,
She weds an idiot—but she eats in plate.”

This is what the present generation has brought to the greatest perfection—it is called wife-jobbing; and there

are always plenty of brokers to assist any person who is desirous of help in these precious bargains of exchange.

Thus I have given a faithful and short abstract of what appeared to me important on this subject.—When we observe how unanimous all authors are in representing it under forms so hideous, we would imagine they thought those who had escaped the wisest and happiest of human beings; but, alas! we meet with a vast inconsistency here. Those who never rushed into the dangers of a state of war, who have escaped the infection of a plague, the horrors of madness, the terror of a conflagration, the treachery of a snare, the shame of a noose, and the galling of a yoke—who were never put to the infamous use of a screen, nor exposed themselves to a bargain of sale, are laughed at, scorned, hated, and contemned.

This species has been divided into two great classes, under the denomination of Old Maids and Bachelors.

The former have been described as a composition of ill-nature, malice, and scandal—a generation of caterpillars, ranging about to corrupt whatever is beautiful and flourishing; spoiling reputations, and ruining matches: they have been compared to that animal, by sportsmen called terriers, which are sent into the fox's den, to discover the secrets of his hold, to bark, to snarl, and to bite, till they drive him out to the huntsmen, to be run down with the hue and cry of the whole pack.

Nor have the latter denomination fared any better—they have been branded with the infamous and intolerable name of cowards, so that many of them, stung to the quick by these reproaches, have, after a long life of disgrace, run headlong upon the evil they had so skilfully avoided, and taken shelter at last in matrimony; which is exactly analogous to *his* courage, who, after suffering many misfortunes, and bearing numberless injuries, throws himself upon a *naked* sword to shun the imputation of cowardice.

It may be expected of me, after having thus delivered the opinions of others, to declare my own sentiments on this important subject; which I do the more willingly, that I may not be thought to add any authority of mine to the misrepresentations above enumerated. Among such a variety of opposite notions, it would be a difficult task to form any tolerable representation of this matter; I have therefore chosen a mixed metaphor, which I hope will reconcile all.

The image I have selected, and to which I wish to compare Marriage, is that other great event, which even more universally comprehends the human race—**DEATH.**

Do not start at so dismal a sound! Death, according to the wisest of men, is either a good or an evil; and is the entrance into an unchangeable state of joy or misery, according as men prepare themselves in a prior existence.

Death is the proper and natural end of a being, who by the constitution of his frame is not designed to be immortal; life has then attained its full design, and becomes complete, when it is not too immaturely and abruptly cut down, so as to raise desire of its continuance, or lengthened out to an uncomfortable old age, to beget satiety and disgust. Courtship is to marriage what life is to another state—a state of trial; which is proper when not entered into too early, ere wisdom is acquired; or too late, when it become insipid and ridiculous.

As a young lady has cherished in her disposition meekness, modesty, complacency, sincerity, cordial affection, love of parents and friends, and all the amiable train of social virtues; or filled her mind with anger, caprice, private interest, sordid views, pride, self-sufficiency, love of show, and expensive pleasures; she will either be happy or wretched in *that* other life: or, as a man has planted in his bosom worth, generosity, magnanimity,

honour, condescension, patience, and every grace of manly growth, or suffered that soil to lie uncultivated and rude, marriage to him will prove a scene of disturbance, disquietude, and torment, or an everlasting source of tenderness, union, and delight.

“ANTIQUITY.”

THE PHANTOM;
OR,
MANCHESTER TAYLOR.
IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

A TAYLOR, not unknown to fame,
Grac'd Manchester's proud town,
Joe Ogden was his gallant name,
A wight of fair renown.

All day upon his modest breast
The grey thread graceful hung,
And till he stripp'd and went to rest
He gaily stitch'd and sung.

What board a nimbler arm could boast,
Say all ye taylors stout?
Where was there midst your thimbled host
A braver cutter-out?

Here art and nature form'd correct
 A pattern without failure,
 And to the world, with mien erect,
 Might say, " This is a taylor!"

At Tamworth late a sprightly bride
 From rivals six he carried ;
 He had no family beside—
 He had not long been married.

One night as he, in calm repose,
 By his fair spouse was dreaming
 Of turning Doctor White's brown clothes,
 And picking out the seaming,

Clash flew the door against the wall,
 The hinges burst asunder ;
 Joe gave a jump, his wife a squall,
 List! list! and you'll not wonder—

A thin transparent hand had past
 The shatter'd door's pale cheek :
 A wither'd arm was length'ning fast :
 Dismay repress'd their shriek !

Their high-drawn breath long long they check,
 In dreadful expectation,
 When lo! a gash'd advancing neck
 Augments their consternation.

A shapeless form without a face
 (Joe rais'd the quilt to screen them)
 Seem'd motionless to gain the space
 That melted slow between them.

" Halloo! whose there!" the taylor cries,
 No more he'd power to say ;
 He clasp'd his wife, and clos'd his eyes,
 And, silent, swoon'd away.

But soon affection's fond embrace
His curdling blood restor'd ;
He snatch'd the bedclothes o'er his face,
He kick'd, perspir'd, and roar'd.

" Cease, cease those strains," the PHANTOM here
In awful tones exclaims ;
" I come not to create a fear
In *your* breast, or the dame's.
" For purposes of good to thee,
This visitation's meant ;
To raise and make thy family
Is solely its intent.

" A feeling for a taylor's woes
Has drawn me to befriend thee ;
I know how oft unpaid he goes ;
But better fates attend thee.

" The goose and shears I wielded too,
And wrought for merchants many ;
But what, alas ! will custom do,
Where folks won't pay a penny.

" My honour long I strove to save,
But plung'd more deep in debt ;
Till, though I so much credit gave,
I could no credit get.

" But who will fardels bear, or brook
The horrors of a prison ?
My bodkin bare I boldly took,
And stuck it through my wizzen.

" Beneath the college wall, all cold,
My bones now lie and moulder ;
But, mark ! a pot of sterling gold
Stands buried at my shoulder.

" The clod exact that wraps the vase
 No spirit dares reveal ;
 But faint not in the splendid cause,
 Success shall crown your zeal.

" This night then, when St. Mary's church
 Proclaims the sacred hour
 Of one—commence your mystic search,
 There dig till it strikes four.

" Let not the storms of troubled skies,
 Or blasts of bleak November,
 Deter you from the glorious prize,
 Remember me—remember!"

He paus'd—for here Joe's *Cuckoo clock*
 Proclaim'd the rising day;
 So scar'd, as by the crowing cock,
 The Phantom slunk away.

CANTO II.

THE sun had shadow'd on the wall
 (Now peeping through the casement)
 The pendant measures great and small,
 Yet flutt'ring with amazement;

When Joe, all musing, left his bed,
 And slip-shod ope'd his shop :
 But, ah ! the thoughts that rack'd his head,
 Nor work, nor meals, could stop.

Three times his mouth, and thrice his throat,
 He scalded during breakfast,
 The pockets of John Gill's new coat
 He stitch'd too to the neck fast.

But who the hectic hopes can trace,
The fever'd mind's abstraction,
That has to toil a day's long space
Ere it subsides in action?

Th' important hour at length drew near,
Big with Joe Ogden's fate;
Though dark the night, he felt no fear,
But that of be'ing too late.

By flatt'ring hope and brandy warm'd,
Joe to the college hurried,
With spade and pick-axe doubly arm'd,
To reach the treasure buried.

There, on the heaving of a hill,
That with the vase might swell,
He sat in expectation still
To catch the slipping bell.

The starting stroke at last was struck,
Down came Joe's high-rais'd arm,
While airy omens of good luck
Around him seem'd to swarm.

Long, nerv'd by hope, Joe plied his spade,
Nor was a moment idle;
But resolution's self must jade,
Allow her time and bridle.

Oft' now an interposing stone
Had made Joe's heart heave high,
And once a calf's delusive bone
Proclaim'd the vase was nigh.

His expectation often foil'd,
Chasten'd by grief and trouble,
Grew like soft water often boil'd,
Less rashly prone to bubble.

At length a show'ry storm arose,
 Both wind and hail assail him;
 They damp'd his spirits with his clothes—
 His hopes begin to fail him,

Here, musing on his spade, Joe took
 A moralizing pause,
 And casts full many a homeward look,
 And many a soft sigh draws,

“ Fool that I was,” he sorrowing cried,
 “ To let the thirst of gain
 Seduce me from my blest fire-side,
 To toil all night in rain.

“ Unjust, ungrateful to the charms
 My bride so late surrender'd,
 To quit the heav'n within her arms
 For all the goblin tender'd.

“ O ne'er my mem'ry shall it slip
 How oft' my heart's dear Chloe
 Urg'd me with supplicating lip
 To take care of her *Joey*.”—

Here on his melting heart now rush,
 With nothing to oppose 'em,
 The thoughts of his neat hearth's warm blush,
 And Mistress Ogdens bosom.

“ Yes, fondest fair; thy *Joey*'s health
 I'll cherish as thy treasure,
 Nor will I barter that for wealth,
 Which constitutes thy pleasure.”

This said, as swift as flies the dove,
 Joe hies to warmth and beauty,
 And blest the dear reproofs of love
 That call'd him to his duty.

[*Hiatus est.*]

His well-known latch he opes with care,

His well-known parlour enters,

Springs up his well-known stairs, to where

His well-known comfort centers.

On tip-toe he approaches near,

To kiss his sleeping charmer,

The curtain opes with trembling fear,

Lest rudely he alarm her.

"Angels and ministers of grace,"

Joe starting cries, "defend us,"—

In Mistress Ogdens lock'd embrace

There lay the ghost tremendous!

To the wrong'd husband's eye-balls crowd

Defiance, vengeance black,

While still, and paler than his shroud,

The phantom waits th' attack.

"Come out of bed there," Joe harangu'd,

All bootless is resistance,

You make my family!—You be d——'d,

I scorn your vile assistance."

Up jumps the sprite with all his force,

And leaps upon the floor,

Dash'd at his breeches in his course,

And hopes to gain the door.

But now, unaw'd by goblin grim,

Joe, like a husband Spanish,

Would make the ghost remember him,

Before he let him vanish.

Fast by his vestment's hinder lap

He caught him on the wing,

And gave him underneath a slap,

That made the chamber ring.

Indignant at the rude attack,
 The spirit faced about,
 And, as he did not courage lack,
 Resolv'd to fight it out.

Long rag'd the doubtful battle sore,
 Each dealt full many a blow ;
 But it would take two pages more
 To tell you where and how.

So, though I'd rather far rehearse
 Than feel the blows they gave,
 I deem it wise to check the verse,
 And so much paper save.

Suffice it, that of thumpings good,
 When both had had their shares,
 Fortune declar'd for flesh and blood,
 Who kick'd the ghost down stairs !

The Muse in dissidence must veil
 The flutter'd fair's suffusions,
 And leave to those who read the tale
 To draw their own conclusions.

T. H. M.

OLD SQUIRE COBBETT;
 AND
 YOUNG MISTER EXAMINER.

SQUIRE Cobbett has been so completely cut up by our predecessor, who in the exposition of the tergiversation, want of principle, and baseness, of this deserter and rene-

gadō, has done the state some service, that he comes into our hands not worth a *lash*; or, as was said by a member of the administration, when this sneaking poltron offered to surrender his *patriotic Register*, in order to propitiate the Court of King's Bench, and procure the mitigation of his punishment,

"D—n him, he's not worth a l——."

It cannot be for the purpose of promoting the cause of loyalty; it cannot be the *amor patriæ* that could now induce any writer to devote his time or attention to the exposure of a political quack, impostor, and apostate, whose prostitutions have been laid so bare, that even ignorance is no longer exposed to delusion through his means. But there are those, whose *interest* it may be to pursue this fallen man—those who, like the *Hyena*, are still desirous of preying on the dead carcase that has been fairly run down and slain by the Tiger.—Among this ravenous brood, the most ferociously forward is the *Examiner Hunt*. A suckling patriot and demagogue, engaged in the same pursuits, and maddened to behold near the throne of Burdett any other propagator of disloyalty, of abuse, of slander, and of malignity, besides himself. Driven to desperation by the homage done to Mr. Cobbett on his liberation:—nothing less than a rejoicing dinner at the Crown and Anchor, with Sir Francis in the chair, and a noble congregation of all the hoary and youthful T——rs who are wont to assemble on these occasions, the *Examiner* has commenced a most furious attack upon his fellow reformer and worthy labourer in the vineyard of sedition. Hot-headed young man! you need not be afraid that this public notice will enable the *Squire* to revive his defunct *Registers*, so as to compete with and injure the sale of your still living *Examiners*. Their day is gone—that day whose *like* you are fast approaching—No! his recom-

mendations to the "loathed and detested" Baronet, whom you worship, although you detest his new friend, were of a different nature.—They resembled in some points your own. He is a libeller; he has offended the laws of his country, and an *honest* jury has convicted him; he has been punished, and the gaol which he so richly merited has just vomited him forth for the accomplishment of fresh mischief, if his cowardly spirit has not sunken under the castigation of Newgate, and the amount of *his good-conduct securities*. He is an inflamer of the public mind; and, above all, his *exhibition* afforded the god of your political idolatry an opportunity of playing off his factious speeches, and disseminating his dangerous opinions, and gulling the congregated multitude with the amiable contrast, of his forgiving disposition towards his *quondam* abuser, and evincing that it is *love to the cause*, the pure cause, and not personal feelings, by which he, good man! is actuated. Surely, Mr. Examiner, young in democracy, and only a freshmen in the mysteries of the party, as you are, you must be aware that this was a golden chance not to be omitted; that it was not to advantage the *Squire*, and that it cannot advantage him.

It is, therefore, unkind in you to be so lavish of abuse upon that ornament of your faction. Why accuse the poor, mauled, fined, and imprisoned *Squire* of apostacy —why ring in his ears the foulness of a fact which he acknowledges and justifies? When he was of your standing as a political writer, he had been guilty of no inconsistency, and it is only his greater age that gives him that *superiority* over the *Examiner*. As men increase in years, you know, they increase in wisdom, and see the errors of their early ways: so there is yet some hope that the *Examiner* himself may become loyal, virtuous, and good!!

But the Squire is callous to your puny scourgings: it is the loss of his dear, dear money alone, that touches him to the quick.—It is this which gnaws his avaricious heart. “*Mark this* (exclaims the excruciated sufferer, in all the pomp and dignity of grief), *mark this*, my children; I am now paying *one thousand pounds* to the King: tell your brothers, and hand it to your future children, that your father, after two years imprisonment, was obliged to pay *one thousand pounds* to the King,” &c. *Morning Chronicle*, of the 13th July.—It is this thousand pounds lost, and not the loss of character, for that is an affair of old standing, which afflicts the mercenary Cobbett, and causes him to imprecate (as he does in his Register of Saturday the 18th) vulgar and horrid curses upon his family, if ever they forget that their father (unhappy they! in being the offspring of so base a sire!) is a convicted libeller, and degraded by a verdict of his countrymen.

Glorious example of infamy! Does it not fire the youthful soul of the Examiner, and tempt him to emulate the name of Cobbett, now that he is ashamed of his own*. Worthy disciple of the same school! proceed in thy splendid career; soon, soon let us have to say, while we hold thee up to equal honour, with lauding and exultation,

Ecce—Ecce iterum Crispinus.

THE BIBLIOMANIA.

THIS malady, which for the last half century has been growing to that excessive pitch at which it has now ar-

* See the *Examiner* of the 19th, in which even the name of Hunt is proved to be disgraced by the conduct of the candidate for Bristol, of a *la lanterne* celebrity!!!

rived, is ripe for the pen of the Satirist. The bibliothecal rage, evinced at the Roxburghe sale, is unparalleled in the annals of even this species of madness, and seems to have carried the *mania* for old and scarce books to the acmè of folly. That noblemen and persons of large fortunes should indulge in these extravagant whims, would be a matter of small import, were it not that their indulgence operated as a serious injury upon living talent and literature in general. The sums expended upon the *Boccacio*, or upon *Caxton's* earliest printed works—upon one or two volumes—would reward and stimulate to future labours authors whose productions, filled with learning and ability, are calculated to delight and instruct mankind. The price of a worm-eaten pamphlet, if properly directed, might relieve the distresses of the Chattertons and Burns of our day, nourish the opening buds of genius, now nipped by poverty and want, and lead forth to the world men, now in obscurity, whose powers of mind are equal to the highest flights of fancy, the purest refinements of taste and classic elegance, the deepest researches in quest of useful knowledge, and the most glorious exertions in the bounds of lettered fame. But we fear the disorder has become too inveterate to be cured by grave animadversion, and therefore the more willingly devote a few pages to the following burlesque fragment, with which we have just been favoured :

. *The Fragment.*

“ LITTLE TOM TUCKER.”—The name, thought to be derived from *Uch*, a term of honour among the Babylonians and the progeny of *Chus*—hence the *lux*, *lucidus*, &c. of the Latins; the *Lukos*, &c. of the Greeks.—Homer, Orpheus, and Euripides, use it under various modifications. This splendid work, consisting of sixteen pages and as many plates, is now in the envied possession of

"JACK THE GIANT KILLER"—the first English edition, printed by old Caxton.—It is full of errors, and the imperfections with which it abounds proves its originality. This work throws great light on ancient history—on the Titanian war—building of Babel on the plains of Assyria Corrupted by the Gnostics. Shem The Giant
per tota novem cui jugera Corpus
Porrigitur. Virg.

Dreadful war waged on this account between Lord Lackwit and the Right Honourable Earl of A. B. C. £2260 !!!

"YE MARVELUS HISTORIE OFE THOM: THUMBE YE GRETE"—*Unique*. The Marquis of Softhead would give 100,000 Livres for it—quite perfect—great acquisition to learning and learned men.

"COCK ROBIN."—Proved to be the valued edition, from the word "saw," being printed "see," in page 5.

Who see him die?

I said the fly

With my little eye.

A thousand guineas—Sir George Literal—The spurious editions with the copy

Who saw him die—

sold at half-a-crown! Wrong proves right!

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."—Original.—Contains episode of Gog and Magog. "These great Giants every day, when they hear the clock strike one, come down to dinner.—Unruly apprentices of the city are often brought before them, and made to beg pardon on their

marrow-bones, and are always obliged to promise to be good, before they let them go home again;" vide p. 15. *folio edition Buonaparte directed his agents to Earl of Smallcoat the successful £780. . . . dear House!* . . .

" OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG."—*Tomus Primus. Great desideratum in Napoleon Library. . . . Old Dame Trot and her comical Cat; reckoned surreptitious . . . "T. Evans, 79, Long Lane" . . Copy-right disputed . . . Duke of Deafshire fortunate purchaser—£1150.*

" JACK AND JILL, AND OLD DAME GILL."—Only perfect copy extant . . . that in the Library at Learned Lawn House wants title-page . . . fierce engagement . . . When Marquis B . . . bid last £10 . . . Earl S . . . said, "I bow," . . . Marquis . . . "good friends still" "perfectly, indeed I AM OBLIGED TO YOU" "So am I to you" . . . five leaves wanting.

" SIMPLE SIMON" . . . Frontispiece . . .

**" Simon cutting his mother's bellow s,
To see where the wind lay"**

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good—500 . . six . . . seven . . . nine hundred pounds!! wood cuts . . . d—d simple Bewick nothing to it . . . Folly gibbeted, shews great antiquity of wood cuts . . . All the world anxious to possess so rare a work . . . borne off in triumph Huzza

O TEMPORA, O MORES! . . .

MODERN, OR FRENCH, LEGIONARY HONOUR.

Mr. SATIRIST,

ALTHOUGH a prisoner, I am an independent man; although a breaker of my word, an honourable one. Having just reached the sea-side in safety, and only waiting the return of the tide to set afloat the boat in which four of your countrymen have engaged to take me over to France, I shall employ this leisure time in enlightening your mind, before I leave your shore a fugitive, to come back one day a conqueror.

Your papers have lately animadverted with considerable severity on the pretended breach of honour committed by prisoners of war, on whom your Government had imposed the light chain of a verbal obligation, because they have had spirit enough to disdain their bondage, and skill enough to elude pursuit. Your Parliament is now employed in forging heavier fetters, whilst a general outcry is raised against our want of principle. I trust you will allow me, through the medium of your pages, to vindicate our innocence, and to give your countrymen better notions of modern honour.

I am, Sir, an officer of rank, attained by long and distinguished service. My courage, which has been proved in many battles, is only equalled by the skill I have displayed in the various important occasions in which I have been employed, and to the spirit and acute honour of a soldier I join a degree of modesty, which has never failed to excite admiration, even amongst my own countrymen. It cannot therefore be supposed that a man who, like me, has such a high character to support, who is known as a rigid performer of every duty, and a strict

disciplinarian, should be guilty of any act unbecoming a soldier. Yet, with this high, unblemished character, and the most refined and honourable feelings, I have been twice made prisoner of war, and have twice broken my parole. To my mind this a satisfactory demonstration, that there can be no dishonour in such an act; for I am too conscious of my own rectitude not to feel that if there was I would not for all the world have committed it. As you may be too prejudiced to change at once your opinion, and to adopt mine without further arguments, I shall furnish you with a few, which I trust will produce their due effect.

I am not only, Sir, a brave man, and a distinguished officer, but I am a member of that Legion which is the sole focus of modern honour, of which it bears the name. In this, as in politics, our Emperor has acted on a new plan. In the latter he has exploded all the old and senseless notions of public right, and substituted, instead of the antiquated code of national laws, one simple and grand basis of all private and public justice, **HIS OWN WILL**. In his new establishment of honour, he has adopted a similar principle of unity. He has changed its ingredients, and simplified its composition. Honour was formerly the essence of many virtues, and a pledge of their existence in the heart; like the scent of the rose which betrays the blossom hidden beneath the foliage. He has destroyed the combination, and made *implicit obedience to his will* the only source and the soul of honour. Hence our conduct is not to be judged by common rules, but by a reference to the new scale which he has established. It is evident, therefore, that to prove us guilty of a breach of honour, you must show that we have disobeyed our Sovereign. This is not, and has never been, in your power, since you are not even acquainted with the commands we

receive from him; how therefore are you authorised to make such an unfounded charge against us? Learn, Sir, that so far from disobeying the will of His Majesty in breaking what you term our word of honour, we only fulfil the engagement we have contracted in becoming members of his Legion. We then swear obedience so entire, as not to keep any other oath which might interfere with that sacred duty. We at the same time bind ourselves to serve him continually with all our means, and to sacrifice our dearest interests, and our blood, to his welfare or glory. Now, Sir, when the fate of events has placed us in the power of an enemy, does not, in faithful and honourable minds, the obligation to serve our master continue the same? Are we to make captivity a time of repose; and, because we are no longer at the head of our men, are we to eat the bread of idleness? No, Sir, it is then our prescribed duty to make friends for our Emperor in every place in which we may reside. But, when you are so imprudent as to allow us our liberty within certain limits, then we are not only bound in honour, or obedience, to our Sovereign, to gain over the people to his interests, but to adopt every means which can restore to him the use of our services on our accustomed posts. This twofold duty we perform in an easy and effectual manner. Like the Parthians, our retreat is offensive: for the men whom we have bribed to favour and contrive our escape, become the most zealous partisans of our great Master; and as it is a rule amongst us, as far as it is possible, to employ different agents for every particular escape, the number of the friends we leave behind increases proportionably with that of our departures. Upon a very moderate a computation, twenty men are employed to see a prisoner of war safe from the inland

counties to the sea-side, and from thence to France. These consist of carters, who convey the captives through bye-roads, at night, in covered waggons ; of innkeepers, who secrete them in their houses ; and of smugglers, who carry them across the channel. Now, supposing that one half of these men are employed twice, by two different prisoners the same year, the number of the latter who break their word being about three hundred annually, we shall still have an addition of ten partisans for every escape, or of 3000 men yearly. It is thus that France has been able to procure so many adherents in this country, since the adoption of this plan, at the opening of the present war. The success with which it has been carried on may easily be traced in the open rebellion of your manufacturers in several counties !!

You will own, Sir, that when the consequences of our pretended want of honour are so conducive to the attainment of the object for which we fight, the ultimate ruin of your country, it is not astonishing our Emperor should have devised means to make the reputed breach honourable. Nay, you will find it politic in him to confer promotion on every fugitive prisoner from your shores. On the other hand, you will do us the justice to see in our conduct nothing but a strict regard to the first duty of a soldier, obedience, encouraged by emulation and patriotism, and assisted by the corruption of your countrymen. May the notions of modern honour fructify in your heart —but the boat is unmoored, and I must close this correspondence.

Not yours, &c. but

PHILLIP OFF.

ACKERMAN'S OWL*.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE Owl is Minerva's bird; the emblem of wisdom; the recipient of knowledge—Learning, wisdom, and knowledge, are acquired by reading and study.—Ackerman's Owl is, as all the world knows, an extraordinary literary phenomenon. It resides in the Strand; procures information *by its Breast*, and utters it again accompanied *by its Bill*. Excellent bird! Did it but pursue a fair course of reading! Alas, Mr. Satirist, this is not the case! A stranger to its being what is termed *a Glutton in letters*; almost a stranger to London, on my arrival from Portsmouth, a few days ago, I mistook the *hollow temptation* of this Owl for a two-penny post-office, and, unfortunately for me, intrusted to its care a letter which I had undertaken to deliver in town.—That letter never reached the port of its destination; and on several applications to the Lord of the Fowl, I found, from my reception, that the *Ægis* should have been superadded to the other symbol, for that Pallas, the divinity of war, was as predominant as Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. In short, I could procure neither explanation nor satisfaction respecting my letter, and discovered, to my great mortification, that this shop was, indeed, at least as complete a *repository of arts*, as a *repertory of sciences*!

To you, Sir, I write this, that through your excellent publication it may be made known to my brother officers, that Ackerman's Owl's breast is not a post-office letter-box.

I am, &c.

A NAVAL OFFICER.

* We insert this communication with some reluctance, as we cannot doubt but that the circumstance alluded to must have resulted from some untoward accident.—Negligence alone, however, in such a matter, is culpable, and deserves our gentle lash.—SAT.

COBBETT'S LIBERATION;

OR,

THE FEAST OF BARABBAS.

MR. SAT.

HAVING just come from the country, like other fresh-caught bumpkins, I have thought it incumbent upon me to empty my pockets, in order to fill my head with London curiosities, which you, having been in the metropolis all your life, cannot be expected to know any thing about.

I am not, however, going to enlighten you, and show as it were *all for nothing*, by telling you the whole of what I have seen. I shall therefore say nothing of my visit to the wild beasts in the Tower, in the hope of getting a sight of Sir F. Burdett; I shall not tell you that I have seen Mr. G. Jones *making faces* at the Forum, Mr. Clifford trying to *gain credit* at a gin-shop, Lords Grey and Grenville satisfying their consciences that they were *sticking up* for the interests of their country by *stickling* for *three white sticks*, Messrs. White, Lovell, &c. displaying their *independence* by begging subscriptions, Mr. Hunt evincing his anxious wish to lighten the burdens of the people by raising the price of his paper, and marking the *high sense* he has of his own respectability, by labouring to prove that he is not the despicable blackguard who has lately disgraced the town of Bristol with his presence; nor do I mean to say any thing of the walks I have had to see the *other quacks*, mountebanks, cheats, and merry Andrews, among your London curiosities. It is simply my intentions to furnish you with a short history of the Newgate jubilee, or the grand dinner given in honour of the liberation of Mr. Cob-

bett, that in after times, when even the *exit* of Mr. Cobbett shall be forgotten, the patriots who may live at that time shall have it in their power to find in the Satirist a something of that great man, *bound* and *re-corded*.

Though I had a great curiosity to see Mr. Cobbett, yet Sir, I had not made up my mind to go to any dinner that was to be given (for twelve and sixpence) on his coming out of jail, till I heard that Sir F. Burdett intended to take the chair. This circumstance determined not only me, but also a great number of my friends, to go to the Crown an Anchor feast—so true it is that “*one fool makes many*.”

When the day arrived, I repaired to the Crown and Anchor, and was sent up stairs to the landing-place leading to the great room. Here I found a considerable mob collected, all anxiously panting for the opening of the door. After being stewed a reasonable time in this comfortable alembic, we were permitted to march into the apartment where we were to dine. This service, I can assure you, we were not slow in performing, nor were we impeded in our operations by any thing like form or etiquette.—We all felt that *the restrictions* had ceased.

It would be filling up too much of your valuable space to enter into a detail of the various skirmishes and *overthrows* which took place on our entering the room. These, however, were certainly creditable to the cause. They marked a warm regard for the *liberty of the Press*; they proved that all were anxious to relieve the *wants of the people*, though it must be confessed that reformers, as we were, each was anxious to get himself and his friends *a place*; and I am inclined to suspect that seats *in that house* were in some instances obtained by *perjury*, if not by *bribery and corruption*. The whole scene presented something like a fac simile of the rush into the one shilling gallery on boxing-night.

Having taken my seat, I found on my plate several hand-bills. They announced the publication of a fine whole length portrait of Mr. Cobbett; (Mr. Newman will perhaps *supply a frame* to Mr. Cobbett's *whole length*, and probably with Mr. Ford certify the likeness.) Six letters on the subject of parliamentary reform, addressed to the Marquis of Tavistock by Major Cartwright (these I could wish to see embellished with the *bust of a superannuated baboon*); and "Thoughts on Revolutions," by Maurice Marguarot, from Botany Bay. The hand-bill last noticed I thought very properly introduced, as it was well calculated to suggest amusing ideas, to pass away the moments till Mr. Simpkin supplied other *food for reflection*, and at the same time it proved that Maurice Marguarot was pretty well able to appreciate the loyal and constitutional views of the party, by the anxiety evinced thus to assist their cogitations. There was yet another hand-bill, which set forth the case of Mr. Eaton, recounting his various services and imprisonments. These imprisonments were all made to appear the result of his exertions in the cause of the country. Of course Mr. Eaton reckons himself one of the country's *tried servants*; and this being the case, it was certainly quite as *rational* as it was *modest* and *patriotic* for him to conclude his address by calling for a subscription. These several calls on the public purse, like the feast at which we were assembled, were in my opinion satisfactory proofs that the leading men among us were sincerely satisfied of the existence of that distress in the country, which they make it their business to deplore, or certainly they would have hardly thought it worth while to publish their pictures, their books, and their distress; under other circumstances, I say, they could hardly have hoped to turn a penny either in the way of selling or of begging.

Five o'clock, the hour appointed for dinner, came, yet no Cobbett, no Burdett appeared. We all began to think that Mr. Cobbett had *deserted*, and that Sir Francis had *taken the water*. For these apprehensions we had certainly some reason, as we all remembered, with unspeakable anguish, that when Sir Francis was to have been chaired from the Tower, he thought it sufficient that the feeling of the public should be expressed, and never made his appearance. We did not know but he might now counsel Mr. Cobbett to adopt the same line of policy. We had seen Mr. Cobbett once turn round to the opinions of the Hon. Bagnet, and we were not certain that he would not do so again; for, as Sir Francis observed (two years ago), a man "who changes his opinions because he has grown older, and thinks his having grown older a justification of a change of principle, in such a man we ought to have no trust or confidence."

Our fears continued to increase till half past five; when happily they were at once dissipated by the entrance of Sir Francis and Mr. Cobbett, with Alderman Wood *the wise*, and other persons of almost equal eminence and respectability. Joy beamed in every countenance, and dinner forthwith commenced, and that with such expedition, that I heard nothing of grace; though as Paul P——, I mean the *reverend* Parson Nightingale, was present, I have no doubt but he said it—*to himself*. He might be too busily employed in scrambling for dinner to say it aloud.

The cloth removed, several toasts were given, and among them "A free Press, and free discussion." This of course was received with universal applause, as all present thought it necessary to shout, to prove themselves friendly to the sentiment.

After this the following *beautiful* song was sung by Mr. Dignum—

Tune—*The Origin of Gunpowder.*

I.

When British hearts in Union glow
 With Sisters of the Sod,
 To mitigate a Nation's woe,
 And break the Iron Rod ;
 'Tis then the Tree of Liberty
 Will spread around on ev'ry hand,
 And Shamrock seen, with Thistle green,
 Twining the Oak of Britain's Land.

II.

When Justice, from her mercy seat,
 Shall equal right dispense,
 And bear the claim, however great,
 From Peasant to his Prince ;
 'Tis then, &c.

III.

When Patriots, unallur'd by gold,
 Oppression's Faction rend,
 And prison walls no longer hold
 An injur'd country's friend ;
 'Tis then, &c.

This, though exquisitely sublime, cannot be censured for its meaning, as it means no more than Sir Francis's speeches usually do. I wished the following song, as more applicable to the occasion, to be sung in its stead, but could not get it forwarded to the chair in time.

I.

When Patriot hearts in Union glow
 With *Sisters of the Sod*,
 To mitigate a Nation's woe,
 We'll eat and drink, by G-d ;

'Tis then the Dish of Meat and Fish
Will spread around on every hand,
Potatoes, Greens, and Peas and Beans,
Shall grace the Crown and Anchor, Strand.

II.

When Newgate shall on Felons smile,
Trundling a scoundrel out,
And let the Wretch, however vile,
Come here to show his snout ;
'Tis then, &c.

III.

When Patriots, anxious but for Gold,
Escape from jail to wrangle,
And Prison walls no longer hold
The Wretch who ought to dangle,
'Tis then, &c.

After this, Sir Franky, who, as might well be expected, seemed delighted at being permitted to dine with one who formerly wished to trample on him, proposed that we should drink

" Our sincere congratulation on the release of that able advocate for Parliamentary Reform (who had declared " That all reformers are scoundrels, whose stalking-horse is reform, but whose real object is the overthrow of the monarchy"), and zealous opposer of the flogging system, WILLIAM COBBETT."

Mr. COBBETT now treated us with a speech. He first told us that he had only intended to say, Thank ye for the great and unexpected honour we had just done him; but in consequence of the attacks which had been made on him that day, he had altered his mind. He thought it unnecessary for him to require them to reflect on what had been brought forward against him (indeed he would willingly have what had been stated obliterated from memory), as all that had been advanced only went to prove

that ten years ago he had differed from the Hon. Barronet, who then did them the honour to preside. He had had the boldness to differ from him, and a great boldness it was; and doing so, he had only exercised a right for which he had been always contending (when he “detested and loathed Sir Francis, and would fain have trampled him under foot *for freely expressing his opinions*”), that right which the company present had assembled to sanction. He then proceeded to show that it ought not to be imputed to a man as a fault that he had changed his principles, as the mind like the body might be naturally expected to outgrow its clothes as it advanced to maturity. It was not necessary that the Hon. Baronet should be told that ten years ago he had spoken harshly of him, and therefore he thought it would have been better to have done without this. With respect to the intended abandonment of the Register, of which he had been accused, he had only intended to give it up, not because he repented any thing that he had done, but because he was afraid he should not be able to conduct it without lowering its tone. [This was not clearly understood; but it should seem that Mr. C. meant to say he had thought of giving it up, from a conviction, that if he carried it on it would be necessary to lower his tone in order to curry favor while in Newgate.] Afterwards Mr. Finnerty and himself had thought the giving it up then, might appear like an abandonment of the cause [it might have appeared something like it]; and Mr. Finnerty was sent post to London to stop the publication of the article which was to announce the career of the Register was at its close. From this it must be seen that he was not influenced by any wish to screen himself from punishment; for, as sentence had not then been passed on him, it was *impossible* that at that time he could have been temporising and offering to give up his Register.

to gain a mitigation of his sentence. [This was certainly a cruel calumny, as he had only offered to write on the other side of the question.] He now gave a pathetic description of what he had suffered, and tasked his powers of reasoning to prove, that sending a man to Newgate was not sending him to a bed of roses, which appeared to him a very singular circumstance. He next gave some account of his late *Chums*, some of whom he seemed to think bad company; and concluded by calling their *attention* to the *affecting* case of Mr. Eaton, and successfully proved that gentleman to be as great an object of public compassion as himself.

Several toasts were now giving in quick succession, and the company appeared to be getting drunk so fast, that Sir Francis seemed afraid they would soon be too far gone to hear his speech. With this feeling, and thinking it would be imprudent to wait longer, he rose before his health was proposed. He repeated what he had treated them with before respecting *ex-officio* informations, and observed, that though a man might be found who would consent to be thrown like Daniel into the lion's den, yet no one could hope to escape like Daniel—from the claws of the Attorney General: in other words, that though the Almighty was competent to save a man from the dangers of a den of lions, he had not also the power to save him from the Attorney General. [This sarcasm on the Deity was much applauded by Parson Nightingale, and all present.] After this, and after the usual songs about military torture, parliamentary reform, &c. the Hon. Baronet in conclusion recommended a subscription for Mr. Eaton.

Parson NIGHTINGALE, as a *Christian*, spoke against the punishment of Mr. Eaton. He seemed to think the chastisement he had formerly given the writers who might be present sufficient, and said nothing new on that subject.

His speech was in fact very short, in consequence perhaps of a suggestion from some of his friends, that the less he says, the less reason will those who hear have for thinking him a fool.

An orator now rose in the middle of the room, and called upon Mr. Cobbett to contradict the charges preferred against him; viz. 1st, that he had unworthily and indirectly attempted to raise a sum of money to defray the expenses of his trial, by calling on his friends to buy sets of his Register; and 2d, that he had offered to give up his Register to obtain a mitigation of his sentence.

Mr. COBBETT muttered something which could not be heard, but which was supposed to be "D—n your eyes." He complained with some warmth of his being called upon to reply to those charges, without having had time to prepare an answer, as it was not to be expected he could assert them to be false on the moment.

He then informed the company, that he had very magnanimously refused a subscription which had been offered him (he did not say by whom). Had he not a right to offer his books for sale, and when he had numerous—that was, some hundreds of sets of the Register on his hands, had he not a right to advertise them? Was not his own his own? For the property he possessed he thanked nobody, not even the public; he only felt much obliged *to himself*. Having stated this *without vanity*, he went on to say, that he had a right to give up the Register when he was rich enough to leave off labouring; and of course he had a right to give it up whenever he could make an advantageous bargain for himself. Though its object was to save the country, and to overthrow corruption, yet, whenever he had sufficiently filled his pockets at the public expense, he had a right to leave it off; for in such a case corruption would be nothing to him, and he might flourish

though the country were ruined. The bare circumstance of his discontinuing his publication could have nothing in it whatever. If he had indeed made it a condition of his punishment being remitted or mitigated—if he had made a proposition agreeing to discontinue his Register if the Attorney General would remit his punishment (he of course meant through any medium but through that of Mr. Reeves of the Alien office)—or if he had even acceded to such a proposition when made to him, then he would have abandoned his principles. This, however, he denied—(*"Upon my soul a lie"*).

The person who had put the puzzling questions, now rose again. The friends to “*free discussion*” received him with proper warmth and loud cries of “Down, down”—“Turn him out”—“Mill him”—“Give him a floorer” &c. &c.

Sir FRANKY advised them to listen to him, and called upon the gentleman to state his name. This proved the Hon. Baronet’s conduct to be quite as *impartial* as it was *rational*; though some persons were surprised at his calling for a name on this occasion, when he had so often suffered various patriots, who were on his side of the question, to address him *incog.*; and it was felt that the new arrangement might go to give public orations a new form, each commencing with, “I John Nokes or Thomas Stiles, &c. assert that, &c. &c.”

The unknown orator rose again; but the tumult was so great, that he was evidently in bodily fear of being kicked down stairs. He, however, seemed to express satisfaction at the *satisfactory manner* in which the charges had been answered.

The company now began to get comfortably drunk. Major Cartwright made a silly speech, as did Alderman Wood, and another booby who was present.

Several patriotic toasts were given, and the "*Rogues' March*," and other appropriate tunes, were played by the band as the company began to disperse. Sir Franky, apparently not a little ashamed of the whole business, was anxious to make his *exit* as early as possible, and retired, with the man who "owed every thing to his own talents," at half past nine, the band playing "*Britons strike home*," which was understood to mean "*Britons strike (or turn against) your native country*." The tune might be appropriate, but the exhortation it conveyed was not necessary.

The greater part of the company got to their respective *Watch-houses* before twelve o'clock.

I am, MR. SAT.

Yours, &c.

JOHNNY RAW.

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

UNDER this head shall be given a variety of light and amusing reading—Epigrams, squibs and crackers, jokes, anecdotes, and in short all the little follies of the day, shall flourish under the *Moon*. To contribute to the brilliancy of the pale orb, we invite all wits, poets, and authors of every description, who acknowledge its influence. No legitimate attempt, however *lunatic*, shall be disregarded, for

“Great wits to madness nearly are allied ;”

and the Man in the Moon is the most impartial person in our sphere.—Come then, ye jesters, ye poetasters! come and range yourselves under the banners of the Crescent.—Only be just to your country, true to your King, and faithful to the Regent—of the night, and ye are welcome to scribble away as if

All Bedlam or Parnassus was broke loose.

The full Moon shall rejoice ye, and be rejoiced in your labours; and though we all know

“There is nothing new under the Sun,”
we trust that every month will prove that

There is a great deal new under the Moon.

THE FINISHED TRAVELLER.

UNDER a late Insolvent Debtor's Act there was discharged from Newgate a German of the name of H—sse. This *gentleman* arrived in England with the intention of making the tour of Great Britain, but his travels were ludicrously, as well as wofully, short. He landed at Wapping; contracted a debt at a tavern, while yet his researches were limited to exploring the beauties of that fashionable and interesting part of the metropolis: was arrested for the amount, which, being unable to pay, he was conveyed to Newgate, where he was confined for about two years!—We should like to read the account he gives of Britain and British manners on his return to Germany, as it is doubtless his determination to fulfil his original design of publishing the history of his adventures.

THE CAUSE OF GRIEF.

THE following is the *literal* lamentation of a sailor's wife, whose husband had just been drowned in crossing a ferry.

“ Oh dear! Oh dear! Poor Jack! Poor Soul! Had he but died fighting, or even under the doctor, I would not have *cared a curse!* but to swamp in such a d——d pitiful snivelling way as this is too bad.—Oh! och! o!” She experienced great relief from this apostrophe!

DEFINITION OF COMPETENCY.

A CLEVER young lady defined *Competency* to be “ *A little more than we have!*”

NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

A LATELY imported Irish militiaman, under orders to march with his regiment towards the disturbed districts, was met by a countryman in St. Giles's, when the subsequent conversation ensued :

"Paddy, my boy! what the d——l has brought you to England?"

"By my soul! I've come over to pay the National Debt, man!"

"How the d——l, man, can you pay the debt, when you're not worth a farthing in the world?"

"Oh! by St. Patrick, that's no matter: when there was a bit of a *row* in Ireland, you know how they cut us up; and now, when there's a bit of a bother in England, you see we are brought here *to pay off the National Debt!*"

THE FASHIONS, 1812.

IMPROVEMENT marks the present age;

Improvement marks the British nation;

Conveniency is all the rage,

And usefulness is turn'd to fashion.

Philanthropy pervades the great,

Not foreign merit 'scapes regard;

And dancer, singer, spy, or cheat,

Are sure to meet with high reward.

Within the Ducal palace wall

Their mummery is exchang'd for gold,

And in the Baron's ancient hall,

Their fiddling fooleries are sold :

For sure improvement marks the age!

Sour Cynics need not knit the brow,
 And with degeneracy reproach ;
 For even Lords are useful now,
 And noble Peers can—drive a coach.
 Ah, would they kindly condescend
 Still further to enlarge their view,
 And *coachmen's* services extend
 To services as *footmen* too,
 Then would improvement mark the age!

And ye, our fair of careful cast,
 Ne'er by the rougher sex outdone,
 Erewhile with hammer, awl, and last,
 Cobblers, or shoemakers, each one—
 Now still pursuing housewife lore,
 You show yourselves at church or play,
 In Co. with *ridicule* no more,
 Good *basket-women* every day !
 For sure 'tis an improving age—!!!

PRECIOSUS.

EPIGRAMS.

On the PROSPECTS of a GREAT REFORMER.

WHEN Sir F——s is *droppe'd* (as he doubtless intends
 To keep pace with Despard and O'Connor),
 He will only obtain, like all Bony's true friends,
 The *Cord-on* of the Legion of Honour !

On the DISTURBANCES at COBBETT'S LIBERATION FEAST.

WHY, even midst their festive fare,
 Did Patriots disagree ?
 Because there was a *Collier* there
 With Botley's Squire *made free*.

On the Music at the same Place.

“**BRITONS** strike home,” was struck up by the band,
When Cobbett and his gang march’d tow’rds the door;
But why this tune no one could understand,
Save that *the Rogues March* had been play’d before.

*On certain HAND-BILLS, circulated on the same Occasion,
about J. Eaton.*

I vow and protest it is cruelly hard,
On such an occasion, so splendid a treat on,
To send to each man in the room a placard,
Inscribed, oh how needless and vain ! inscribed—
“**EAT-ON.**”

SIMKIN.

*On the ABLE Controversy between Lord Stanhope and Mr.
W. Smith, M. P. respecting the Toleration Act.*

ON Toleration Smith and Stanhope
Write letters long and melancholy :
The wonder is, they ever can hope
The world to tolerate their folly !

On the Same.

WHETHER the Commoner or Peer
More staunch is ‘gainst religious fetters,
Is doubtful—but they’re both, ’tis clear,
Intolerable—in their letters.

*On the bidding for BOCCACCIO's WORK, at the Roxburghe
Sale, between the Marquis of Blandford and Earl
Spencer.*

To pounds five thousand Blandford would have gone,
Rather than lose th' unique Decameron;
Spencer to half that price—and by this rule
Spencer is only *half as great a fool.*

On the Re-establishment of the Kingdom of POLAND.

'Tis now in vain Napoleon to oppose;
He scorns all opposition or control;
The bane of friends, e'en more than scourge of foes,
His *Iron* sway extends from *Pole to Pole.*

*On sending Waggon Loads of FALSE NOSES from Paris,
to preserve that Member of the French Soldiery in the
cold Climate of Russia.*

EVER alike, Bony proposes
That his false men should wear false Noses;
Large be his own—and then the counterpart,
His face so false will be, of his false heart.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

POETICAL VAGARIES, by GEORGE COLMAN the younger. Printed for the Author, and sold by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 4to. p. p. 144. Price A Guinea.

THIS entertaining volume, which has just made its appearance from the pen of our witty bard, contains five poems, under the following titles :

“ An Ode to WE, a Hackney’d Critic;
 Low Ambition, or The Life and Death of Mr. Daw;
 A Reckoning with Time;
 The Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig;
 and,
 Two Parsons, or The Tale of a Shirt.”

Of these, four are original and new; the Reckoning with Time is the same which appeared in the second Number of the Satirist, page 127, and is now re-published as an episode, in the poem of “ Low Ambition,” for which the author informs us it was first purposely written.

In offering a few remarks on the work before us, which, for imagination, humour, and poetic excellence, rather surpasses than yields to any of Mr. Colman’s former productions, we shall follow the subjects in the order they occupy, and treat of their merits and de-merits (if we

(may use the word) separately.—To the “Ode to WE,” we do not attach a very high character. It is such as many men might write without its being fathered on George Colman, like the new farce.*—It is a kind of bone chucked to the critics, with whom, surely, this author can have no quarrel, and its shortness is its greatest recommendation. It is a gauntlet thrown down in defiance to the whole race, as ignorant, skulking, spiteful, and unjust. We trust, after Mr. Colman has perused the various criticisms on his Vagaries, he will not only have cause to publish his recantation of these calumnies, but further, to offer as a propitiation, in his *tenth or twentieth* edition, under the shape and form of “A Panegyric on Reviewers.”—At all events, we are sure he will not find the *Satirist* one of those publications whose “business is detraction;” and therefore we shall cordially accept his invitation, and repeat his own words—

Then, We, shake hands and part!—no breach,
No difference, 'twixt us. *Vide p. 5.*

“Low Ambition, or The Life and Death of Mr. Daw,” is a satirical and personal attack upon a person to whom it requires no ghost from the dead to inform us how to make its application. The irritated bard has most unmercifully illustrated the well-known lines—

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse and hitches into rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
The doleful burden of some merry song—

and flogged poor Mr. Daw till it is impossible to withhold our pity from the lacerated wretch.

* A farce lately d—d at the Haymarket, compiled or written by Mr. C. Kemble.—*Vide Theatres.*

The management of the Haymarket Theatre has long been in a state of confusion, and great internal discord.—Our public prints have teemed with appeals from the rival disputants; our courts of law have rung with their accusations and counter-accusations, till their mutual property has fallen a sacrifice to their mutual wranglings.—Whether there is a right and a wrong side in this jar of interests we know not; or whether both parties are wrong, which we rather suspect: it is evident that Mr. Colman has neither been completely satisfied with the decisions of the public nor the judgments of the courts, for he has taken the law (*the lex poetarum*) into his own hands, and mangled the soul and body of his opponent without compassion or remorse.—The poem, though we cannot approve of *its object*, is so much recommended by the wit it displays, that our displeasure is in great measure modified, if not entirely removed, before we reach the conclusion. It sets out with establishing the proposition, that every man has some quality or propensity on which he values himself—

He'll either tell you he can drink, or smoke,
Or play at whist—or on the pipe and tabor;
Or cut a throat, a caper, or a joke,
Much better than his neighbour.

One tells you how a town is to be taken;
A second o'er the fair sex boasts his power:
Another brags he'll eat six pounds of bacon,
For half a crown, in half an hour.

Thus nature always brings, in Fortune's spite,
Man's "*ruling passion*," as Pope says, to light.

To illustrate this principle we have, *exempli gratia*, the story of Mr. Daw, whose ruling passion is to play the

inside of pasteboard quadrupeds on the stage!—His birth, parentage, and education, afford a good specimen of the ludicrous style, in which our bard is so pre-eminent. He sings in strains most whimsical—

The man ycleped Daw,
 Whose mother dress'd the tragic queens ;
 She in the Candle-snuffer rais'd a flame ;
 Then quench'd it like a liberal dame ;
 And the first light my hero ever saw
 Was that his father snuff'd behind the scenes !

Daw plays cupidons, fairies, *extra* fiends, &c. till at length he succeeds to the responsible office of Prompter's boy, which he continues to hold with *great credit* to himself, till *beasts* banish the Muses from the stage. Then, resigning an occupation rendered unnecessary by this change, he undertakes and *fills* with *eclat* the line of parts thus humorously described—

And when *sham* beasts came on, it was his pride
 To tell—he always acted the *inside* !

Thus Daw, “with fortune almost out of suits,”
 Unfit to show himself, or utter words,
 Wriggled into the parts of all the brutes,
 And all the larger birds.

He was the stately Ostrich seen, for struts,
 Unrival'd in the bowels of a Boar,
 Great and majestic in a Lion's guts,
 And a fine Tiger both for walk and roar.

Having thus become the “*Great Intestine Roscius of his day*,” and, like all first-rate performers, sticklish in the choice of his parts, Mr. Daw quarrels with the managers on their desiring him to perform the *hinder quarters of an Elephant*!

He swore a tragic oath “ by her who bore him !
(Meaning the Dresser of the tragic queens),
No individual behind the scenes
Should walk in any Elephant *before* him.

He'd rather live on husks,
Or dine upon his nails,
Than quit FIRST PARTS, under the trunks and tusks,
And *stoop* to second rates, beneath the tails !”

His remonstrance to the managers is exceedingly
laughable—

I've been chief Lion, and first Tiger, here,
For fifteen year ;—
That, you may tell me matters not a souse ;
But what is more,
All London says, I am the greatest Boar
You ever had in all your house.

Of all *insides*, the town likes me the best ;
Over my head no underlings shall jump :
I'll play your front legs, shoulders, neck, and breast,
But, d—n me, if I act your loins and rump.

The managers, however, having no *bowels* for the man
who plays *bowels*, Daw is compelled to submit to under-
take the hinder parts of the Elephant. In this character
he takes his revenge on the managers, by biting, while the
brute is on the stage, the part “ where honour's placed,”
in the new inside actor who performs the front legs.
The roaring of the Elephant consequent upon this assault,
on the *pais bas* of its prime agent, is much applauded by
the audience, who are, however, electrified when they
hear it exclaim, “ Curse you, Daw, don't bite !” A battle
royal ensues in the machine of this vast animal—

It was the strongest precedent, by far,
 In ancient, or in modern story,
 Of such a desperate *intestine war*!
 Wag'd in so small a territory!

Daw's disgrace and death, from mortified ambition,
 winds up this truly comical history.

We now come to the chief *Vagary* in which Mr. Colman has indulged, namely, "The Lady of the Wreck, or Castle Blarneygig," a close parody upon the celebrated Lady of the Lake, to the author of which it is "respectfully inscribed by His Admirer." The aim of this poem is to satirize the false taste, meretricious ornament, affectation of obsoleteness, romantic knick-knackeries, the "*dear pretty sublime and sweet little grand*," which Mr. Colman discovers in Mr. Scott.—Without investigating the justice of these charges, or inquiring whether the errors of the Scottish bard are carried to the extent to call for chastisement from the red right hand of Mr. Colman; without entering into arguments to show how much more easy it is to make even beauty appear ugly, and grace ridiculous, than to be originally beautiful and graceful, we shall proceed to take a view of Castle Blarneygig, in which severity is tempered with *something like* mildness; and there is so large a proportion of pure wit, as well as drollery, that we believe even a galled jade would be more apt to caper than to wince at it. In this the performance of our duty is far from being unaccompanied with difficulty.—The first Canto is so replete with sterling humour, that we should be inclined to extract it *toto corpore*, and, as Mr. Colman has retaken his *Reckoning with Time* from us, revenge ourselves by taking his better part of the Lady from him. But we must repress our *avaricious* desires, and content ourselves with only selecting some of her most prominent ornaments.

The poem commences with a description of Blarneygig, the castle of *Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane*, and the wreck of the lady, in a stormy night, at the bottom of the cliff on which it stands. She is observed by Sir Tooleywhagg, to whom she chants the following song, previous to being hauled up in a bucket, which is calculated to draw up succours from the strand in case of a siege.—Our readers will observe, that it is a burlesque imitation of “O Alice Brand, my native Land,” in the Lady of the Lake.

What linen so fine has the bride put on ?
 What torch is her chamber bright'ning ?
 The bride is adrift in her salt water shift,
 And her candles are flashes of light'ning.
 O ! Thady Rann ! the Isle of Man
 I left, and sail'd for you ;
 I am very ill luck'd, all night to be duck'd,
 For keeping my promise true !
 O ! Thady, your bride cannot sleep by your side,
 Go to bed to another lady :—
 I must lie in the dark, with a whale, or a shark,
 Instead of my darling Thady.

Quick ! oh quick, unwind the rope !
 If thou answer'st to my hope;
 Then, on thee when fate is frowning,
 May a rope prevent thy drowning !

The chieftain, unable to resist this pathetic appeal, applies himself energetically to angle for the distressed damsel, whom he succeeds in fishing up in the bucket to Blarneygig's towers, and in comforting under the pressure of her misfortunes. She continues to be the castle's mistress for three years, when Sir Tooleywhagg's ardour flags ; his love is satiated—

Och Hone ! he cries, my pleasure's cup
 Was full, that night I wound her up !
 How will that night my pleasures crown,
 If e'er it come, I wind her down !

He now weds Judy Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl, the daughter of the baron of that name. In this part of the poem we have a banquet song, to the tune of "Roderigh Vick Alpine Dhu! ho ierhae," of which this is the first verse:

Hail to our chief ! now he's wet through with whiskey ;
 Long life to the Lady come from the salt seas !
 Strike up, blind harpers ! skip high to be frisky !
 For what is so gay as a bag full of fleas ?
 Crest of O'Shaughnashane !—
 That's a potato plain—
 Long may your root every Irishman know !
 Pats long have stuck to it,
 Long bid good luck to it,
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane !—Tooleywhagg, ho !

On the union of Sir Tooleywhagg and Miss Judy Fitz-gallyhogmagawl, the Lady of the Wreck precipitates herself into the ocean whence she came, with a threat to haunt the chief, should he ever part a ring from his finger; which she clasps upon it.

The second Canto describes this catastrophe, upon which the Lady of the Wreck unceasingly pursues the O'Shaughnashane in the shape of a *water-rat*. This water-rat, after various adventures for five years, he seizes an opportunity of destroying, and gives a grand feast on the occasion. When he is again visited by the fiend, *in propria persona*, on a rat-tailed steed, she predicts his death on the burning out of the candle he holds in his hand—and that melancholy event being shortly after most humorously consummated through the drunkenness of Tooleywhagg—so ends the tale.

We cannot resist the pleasure of making two extracts, the description of the rat, and of the second visitation of the spectre, which will be instantly recognised as very close parodies upon the original poet.

Perk'd on its dripping haunches stood
The bristling reptile of the flood,
And utter'd to the bride a squeak
That seem'd almost a human shriek !
The shrieking bride sore, sore dismay'd,
Almost a rat-like squeak repaid ;
And hurried from the spot, to yield
The rat possession of the field.

After the rat is slain, the verse runs thus :

" Speed, Looney, speed ! next morning cried
The jocund chief, for thou must ride
Fleet as the bolt that rends the tree,
On rocky Cloghernochartee.
Speed, Looney ! speed to every guest,
Ride North and South, ride East and West,
Saddle grey Golloch ! spur him hard,
From Glartyflarty to Klanard ;
From Killybeks to Hillaleagh ;
Cross Ulster's province ;—Haste away !
Speed, Looney, speed ! invite them all,
Baron Fitz-Gallyhogmagawl,
Dennis O'Rourke, of Ballyswill,
D'Arcy, and pale Mac Twiddledill ;
All the O'Brans, O'Finns, O'Blanes,
Mac Gras, Mac Naughtans, and Mac Shanes.
I hold a feast ! thou know'st the day ;
Speed Looney ! Looney ! haste away."

The day arriv'd, the guests were met ;
High in his hall the chief was set.
The horn he emptied soon as fill'd,
And, filling soon as empty—swill'd ;

All swill'd alike—each Erin's son
 Appear'd a bursting, living ton.
 'Twas at that crisis of the feast,
 When purpled man is almost beast ;
 When, either, friend his friend provokes,
 By hiccuping affronts, for jokes,
 Or goblets at the head are sent,
 Before affronts are given, or meant ;—
 A vassal (now 'twas waxing late)
 Announc'd a stranger at the gate.
 "A stranger!" splutter'd forth the knight,
 "Tell him he's welcome to alight."
 "Plase you," returned the Vassal, pale,
 "She is, my chieftain, not a male !
 She's mantled in a sea-green weed,
 And mounted on a rat-tail'd steed ;
 Her face is cover'd ; but she speaks
 Like murmuring waves ; her stallion squeaks :
 And such a rider, such a nag,
 You never saw, Sir Tooleywhagg."

It will be seen from these extracts, that, in addition to the wit of which we shall select a few specimens, the author has contrived to make even *names* contribute to the drollery of the piece. There is much quaintness in the style, and often a happy antithesis in the language, which has all the effects of more legitimate species of humour.—Of *sterling wit* we beg to offer the following brief examples :

The Irish Harp.

Oh ! Paddy ! harp ! still sleeps thine accent's pride ?
 Will nobody be giving it a jog ?
 Still must thou silent be, as when espied
 Upon an Irish, old, old halfpenny's back-side !

The Lady's Landing.

* * * * * The maid

Who, in the elemental shock,
Stuck like a *limpet* to the rock.

Time.

Time rolls his course ;—now seems in haste,
And now seems slow,—as cooks roll paste ;
Rolling out vows from human dust !
Soon to be broken,—soon as crust !

Conceits of false Taste.

Such as, of late, alas ! are broach'd
By those who have the spot approach'd
Where Poesy once cradled, lay,
And stolen her baby-clothes away.

A learned Manifesto.

On Blarneygig's high gateway rear'd,
A Manifesto, now, appear'd ;
Sir Tooleywhagg's most strict command,
Writ in his own *improper* hand ;
From which, with pure and classic dread,
Orthography and grammar fled.

We might swell out these selections to a great number ; but we have already danced after the *ignis fatuus* of Fun far beyond the limits we can allot to the review of a single work. We are sorry to add, that some of the brilliant emanations we are compelled to reject on account of their *indecency*. We are no fastidious critics to take alarm at little slips, and wit with us will redeem, from censure *double entendres* of perhaps greater licence than is strictly proper. But there are passages in this poem, in which the warmth of Mr. Colman's imagination has left his judgment in the back-ground, and shown him more merry than wise. After the pleasure we have

received in the perusal of the *Vagaries*, we cannot bring ourselves to execute very strict justice upon the offender; but most earnestly recommend to him to make great alteration in the morning address of the Lady to the Chieftain, the xiith verse, Canto I. There are also some other *grosièretés* scattered through these pages, which it would be well to correct:—if Mr. C. will look to pages 51, 53, 54, 57, &c. &c. he will readily discover them.

Among the better parts of the poem, which we have not room to delineate upon, will be found the whole account of *Murtoch*, the *Child of the Corpse*, and successor to Mr. Scott's *Child of the Bones*, a very objectionable story in the original, and in our opinion fairly amenable to the keen and satirical lash of the Satirist.—The description of Lady O'Shaughnashane's confusion on the bridal morn is elegantly correct, and evinces how near an observer of nature the author is.—His apostrophe to Milton—

Who England's tongue
To such sublime perfection wrought,
It only sunk beneath thy thought!

is also very fine—we only doubt its being just.

The volume concludes with, “Two Parsons, or The Tale of a Shirt.”—Upon this we have not space to comment. We read it *in company* with

Laughter holding both his sides.

It is full of pun, point, and gaiety. Every thing that can excite to risibility is pressed into the verse; and he must be indeed a sour critic that is disposed to look for a fault in the midst of such “lots of good humour.”

Of the work generally, we will say that it is long since the public have had such a fund of amusement provided for their jolly hearts—whether for their sober heads is

another question. The versification is smooth and pleasing, and two or three bad ryhmes (ex. gr. "got" and "what") are all that the most hypercritical elf could detect.

We understand that the author received the half of £1000 for the copyright of this work, from a gentleman of theatrical fame, Mr. E——n. The golden price at which the first edition is published is, we should believe, not the most obvious mode of making a good thing of the speculation.—A Guinea for 144 pages is really too much, even in our book-making times, and we must hold that avarice in contempt which could exclude the generality of readers from among the crew of mirth, by greedily aiming at the profits of a quarto, when an octavo volume, of less than half the price, would not only have been more agreeable to the public, but more congenial to the accustomed form of such works, and ultimately more beneficial to the publisher.—Under these circumstances our readers will not only excuse, but thank us, for the copious extracts we have given.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, by THOMAS GILBANK
ACKLAND, A. B. of St. John's College, Cambridge.
One Vol. Octavo. Published by G. Wilkie and J. Robinson; and by Deighton, Cambridge.

IT is with pleasure we proceed in our critical career, with recommending to the public a work, the aim of which is to promote the cause of virtue, and to instil pure and patriotic sentiments into the mind, through the pleasing

medium of poetry.—At a period when, for one writer who attempts this, we are sorry to say unattractive strain, there are hundreds emulous of nothing beyond the dishonest fame and base lucre to be acquired by administering to the worst passions of mankind, the intention alone is sufficient to sanctify a performance of merit far inferior to that under our review.—This miscellany consists of a variety of pieces, in rhyme and in blank verse, some of them of a political and others of an ethical nature. In the former the author breathes those feelings which are becoming in a good and loyal subject; in the latter, he inculcates doctrines which do him honour as a man and a Christian.

COWPER appears to be the model upon whose style he has endeavoured to form himself, and we observe many passages which would do no discredit to that respected poet.—The following, in the poem entitled the *Country Curate*, may be taken as an example. After portraying with much feeling the happiness of his theme, our bard proceeds—

And you, ye great, ye wealthy, and ye proud,
 Ye pamper'd, sleek, and overgrown divines,
 Well-benefic'd, who roll along our streets,
 Each in your chariot, who esteem God's House
 But an exchange to traffic in, who count
 Your annual thousands, and show forth the *priest*
 More by *good-living* than by godly lives;
 Think not this humble minister repines
 At his low lot, or courts your eminence;
 Judge ye he would exchange his calm retreat
 For your publicity? Do ye suppose
 He would his innocent enjoyments barter,
 For guilty pomp, and pleasure such as yours?
 — Then blush to hear that he despises it,
 Holds you bad stewards, unworthy labourers,

In God's rich vineyard ; and while he, good man,
After his toils, with holy confidence,
Can lay his hand upon his heart and say,
“*I've done my duty*” * * *
* * * * is supremely blest.

The chief poem, in addition to the one from which we have made this extract, is denominated *England*, and contains an exulting enumeration of the heroes who have in arms contributed to the glory of their country, and of the literary luminaries who have been the darlings of their own age, and will be handed down with honour to delight the latest posterity. The others are of a minor description, either satirically lashing the follies of the day, or devoted to the description of domestic bliss.—On the latter subject the author seems to write from his heart; and the minuteness with which he enters into some of the illustrations, rather detract from the interest of his verse with general readers.—The same observation occurs to us with respect to several of the subjects, which are too local to be of universal interest—they may be most pleasing to the parties concerned, but have few attractions for strangers.

We shall conclude with repeating that the whole tendency of this publication is on the side of loyalty, real patriotism, virtue, and religion.—Mr. Ackland may aver, as he does, with truth, that his work will corrupt no human creature—

Go then, my book ! this only let me say,
And usher thee at once upon thy way :
— By some thou wilt be scorn'd ; be fear'd by none ;
Amuse perhaps a few—**CORRUPT NOT ONE.**

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HORACE.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON the 29th of June the drama sustained a great and irreparable loss in Mrs. Siddons, who on that night took her final leave of the stage, of which for so many years she has been the ornament and pride. She had, since the commencement of the season, run through almost the whole circle of her principal parts, and has thus left fresh on the public mind a standard of excellence to which they may hereafter refer when they wish to measure and appreciate the merits of any candidate for fame, in the genuine paths of the histrionic art.—Though no longer young or graceful in person, but, on the contrary, advanced in years, and of rather an unwieldy form, such was the magic of her talents to the last, that, even in parts the most youthful and feminine, she continued to enrapture the sense, and, by the superiority of her powers, compel the audience to forget the actress, and only feel the character.

The play was *Macbeth*; and it is scarcely necessary for us to observe, that a better choice could not have been made, in order to leave a lasting impression on the lovers of the drama. The delineation of those lofty, towering, and violent passions in the mind of an ambitious and wicked woman, by which she gains an ascendancy over even the strong understanding of her husband, and seduces him to commit the most horrid crimes, was given with such perfection of art, and vividness of

colouring, as absolutely to confound the spectators. They were no longer in a theatre, but in a feudal castle, amid thanes and barons, warriors and kings.

In the latter period of her brilliant theatrical career, Mrs. Siddons was an enchantress, more potent by the force of her expression, by the speaking of her eye, and the felicities of her attitudes and acting, than ever the stage boasted: in these points she even excelled her own earlier excellence. Thus, in the *banqueting scene* and the *sleep-walking scene*, in the former of which she labours to hide the infirm guiltiness of *Macbeth*, and in the last portrays all the wringing horrors of a tortured conscience, she was pre-eminently great. At the conclusion of the latter (which, by its electrifying impression, became in fact the final scene of the play), the company were so hurried into the vortex of conflicting emotions, by the amazing powers of the actress, that they neither would nor could endure any more. Shouts of the most rapturous applause ensued, and were continued uninterruptedly for several minutes, till the curtain at length dropped, and it was understood to be the general wish that the play should not proceed. So high a compliment, and so marked a tribute of public approbation, we believe, was never before paid to any performer on the British stage.

After a pause of nearly half an

hour, in which the feelings of the audience had scarcely subsided into repose, Mrs. Siddons, in the dress of the Sleep scene, came forward, and delivered the following address, written for the occasion by Mr. Horace Twiss:

Who has not felt, how growing use
endears
The fond remembrance of our
former years?
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to
leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of
the past,
The thousand ties and int'rests
that impart
A second nature to the human
heart,
And, wreathing round it close,
like tendrils, climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by
time?

Yes! at this moment crowd
upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left
behind,
Bewild'ring visions of enraptur'd
youth,
When hope and fancy wore the
hues of truth,
And long-forgotten years, that al-
most seem
The faded traces of a morning
dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts:
for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to
you,
For each inspiring smile, and sooth-
ing tear—
For those full honours of my long
career,

That cheer'd my earliest hope, and
chased my latest fear!
And though, for me, those tears
shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your
smile is o'er—
Though the bright beams are fading
fast away,
That shone unclouded through my
summer-day,—
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect
their light
Over the dim shadows of the coming
night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,

VOL. XI.

A moonlight tint, a lustre of her
own.

Judges and Friends! to whom
the tragic strain
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in
vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years
have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting
sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have
pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your
Shakspeare's song:
On her, who parting to return no
more,
Is now the mourner she but seem'd
before—
Herself subdu'd, resigns the melt-
ing spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart,
her long, her last farewell!

This address having spoken with
much feeling and effect, Mrs. Sid-
dons made her reverences under
the most evident symptoms of acute
emotion; and Mr. Kemble came
upon the stage to lead her off those
boards she had so often and so
greatly adorned. The House took
leave of the first tragic actress of the
age, and the highest favourite of
the British public, with loud and
reiterated acclamations. The ty-
rant Macbeth was for once saved
from his merited fate, and with the
whole fifth act of a tragedy, save
one scene, unperformed, the com-
pany immediately began to retire,
exclaiming to each other—

"We ne'er shall look upon her
like again."

In the course of the month a new
comedy (the first in the present
season) has been produced at this
theatre. The titles which authors
have of late years been in the habit
of offering to their theatrical perfor-
mances, have been in themselves so
unintelligible, and had apparently
so little connexion with any thing
that could be contained in the play,
that they have almost seemed to be
conundrums, intended to amuse
the audience till the rising of the
curtain. The title, however, of the
play now before us, "A touch at
the Times," was certainly not one

X

of this description. It was one of which the meaning could not be misunderstood, and one which led those who took the subject at all into consideration, to expect an attempt would be made to satirize the prevailing follies of the present day.

The play, unfortunately, is by no means what its title seems to promise. It ridicules nothing peculiar to the times in which we live. In no instance has the author availed himself of those prominently ridiculous objects which he might have held up to ridicule with effect. Instead of bestowing merited censure on statesmen, who would suffer their country to be ruined, for the want of their eminent services, rather than accept of power, without first securing three white sticks!—instead of applying the lash to those who, anxious for an honourable peace, preposterously labour to smooth the way to it, by declaring it impossible for the country longer to continue the war—instead of holding up to contempt an infamous blackguard, who presumes to prate about reform, and who, while burlesquing the character of a mountebank, and endeavouring to cause a riot, has the audacity to call upon his countrymen to send him to Parliament as their representative, to be the guardian of their rights—instead of laughing at the jail-jubilees of the present day, in which we see the circumstance of a culprit having suffered the sentence of a law magnified into a triumph by his friends, who will probably one day have still greater reason for feasting, and rejoicing, on receiving those who are now the objects of their admiration, after Mister Ketch has released them from every thing like apprehension or suspense—instead of ridiculing the liberality of those friends to free discussion, who will let nobody speak but themselves, and those advocates for the liberty of the press, who prosecute for libels all those who presume to animadvert on them—instead of exposing to merited scorn those patriots, who, to mark their independence, meanly, pitifully, solicit a subscrip-

tion of their country for telling what they call the *truth*—that is, for telling the people, that they are utterly ruined, which, by the by, if really the truth, must make their paltry solicitations useless—instead of attacking scoundrels like these, who pretending to superior wisdom, and superior virtue, thus prove themselves to be idiots or liars, “A Touch of the Times” passes over every thing of the kind, and gives us a dull uninteresting story badly told, and almost wholly buried beneath a series of dialogues which have little or nothing to do with it, and which, though excessively flippant, are frequently found intolerably insipid.

The cast is as follows :

Sir Chas. Wilding	Mr. Jones.
Beaumont . . .	Mr. Barrymore.
Lovel . . .	Mr. Brunton.
Canker . . .	Mr. Emery.
Clinch . . .	Mr. Simmons.
Flow . . .	Mr. Blanchard.
Serge . . .	Mr. Fawcett.
Mrs. Beaumont .	Mrs. Egerton.
Melisse . . .	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Laura . . .	Miss Boothe.
Flutter . . .	Mrs. Gibbs.

Sir Charles Wilding is a wild, fashionable young fellow, the brother of Melisse, a pert coquette of whom Lovel is enamoured. Sir Charles is brought forward to speak a good word for Lovel (who is treated by Melisse as *Lord Morelove* is by *Lady Betty Modish*), and to be sighed for by Laura, a sentimental young lady, whose business it is to moralize, faint, and treat the audience with the exclamations of “ Ha! “oh!” “ah!” and “heavens,” &c. throughout the comedy, till at last, to make up for the poverty of her part in the former play, her hand is given to Sir Charles, and the fine speech of “Indeed, sir, I—I”—to her. Beaumont and Mrs. Beaumont, are a married couple, who loathe the society of each other. The husband wishes to have proof of his wife’s infidelity, in the hope of being able to repair his shattered fortune, by gaining damages. The lady, by her conduct does not appear very much indisposed to second his wishes. In the end, the

husband retires in disgrace, and Mrs. Beaumont is taken home by *Serge* her uncle. *Flow* is a lawyer, who is on the look out for evidence against Mrs. Beaumont. This character is drawn with some humour; in such a character it would be ridiculous to look for novelty. *Clinch* is a modern punster, and has nothing to do that we can recollect with the business of the piece; but on this subject we will not speak too confidently, as, to say truth, we can hardly recollect what the business of this play is. The character of *Clinch*, who, constantly making bad puns, is fond of retailing his own jests, is well conceived, but not very well executed. After the first scene, in which he appears, the author seems to have taken little pains with it. We could almost suspect that he felt out of humour with it, but, unwilling to be at the trouble of substituting another character, he determined on carrying it on; but carrying it on without spirit has at last made it neither one thing nor another.

From what we have said, it will be seen that this play can neither interest nor entertain in a very great degree. Some of the dialogues are lively, and the unmeaning bustle which pervades many of the scenes, gives it a something of that agreeable hurry which we look for in comedy. Upon the whole, however, we cannot think it very creditable to the talents of Mr. Jameson (that is the name of the author), and we hope if he should find it worth his while to attempt another, that he will give us a something of a plot. Dialogue, mere dialogue, is not all that we have a right to expect in a play of five acts; and we hope we may be allowed to hint, that it is not enough that characters should come on the stage and go off again. We ought to know why they enter, and why they leave the stage, and be interested in their re-appearance. The characters in a comedy ought to appear to think and to act like human beings, and not run about without object or design, like the

characters in a masquerade. Without paying some attention to these essential points, better dialogues than any Mr. Jameson has written would be despised, and an abler author, than he appears likely ever to become, might find his talents useless, and his labours vain.

On Monday the 13th, a Miss Johnston from the York theatre made her debut in *Isabella*. Arduous as is the task of following Mrs. Siddons in such a character, the performance of this young lady gave general satisfaction. Her conception of the part was good, and her execution of it animatedly correct. At times she suffered her feelings to carry her too far, and the consequence was, her enunciation became indistinct, and she was insensibly betrayed into a something very like a scream. Upon the whole, however, possessing, as she certainly does, very considerable powers, with a good share of regulating taste, we have little doubt of her becoming an ornament to the London boards, and holding a high rank in the profession.

The theatre closed on the 5th with "Hamlet" and "Tom Thumb." At the end of the play, the following address was spoken by Mr. C. Kemble:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am desired by the proprietors of this theatre, to return you their sincerest thanks for the very liberal marks of your favour bestowed upon them during this season.

"They have endeavoured to merit such distinguished support, by producing on their stage the most admired works of the British classics, by encouraging the efforts of the modern dramatists; and to combine, with solid instruction, mirth and recreation, they have not refused the aid of pantomime and spectacle.

"To please the various tastes of the British audience has been, and ever will be, their highest ambition.

"Some of the brightest ornaments of the stage have lately retired from this theatre. Their loss must be always regretted, and the

proprietors are aware that diligent attention can alone repair it.—They, however, confidently hope that you will find at Covent-garden theatre, next season, a company of performers whose talents will merit the continuance of your indulgent patronage, and they are prepared to meet the newly-risen sister theatre with such fair and open competition, as will ensure you an undiminished stock of theatrical entertainment. The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg leave to express their heartfelt gratitude for your long experienced kindness, and they humbly take their leave till the 7th of September, the time fixed for the re-opening this theatre.

On this address we may perhaps be allowed to say, that it reflects great credit on the managers for the liberality and complacency with which they treat themselves. Things of this kind, they are more competent to draw up than any body else. Had we wished to compliment them, we must have ebulled our brains for a month, before we could have thought of praising them for "the encouragement given to the efforts of modern dramatists," in a season when they had brought out but one comedy, which said comedy was not produced till the month of July!!!

We hope the competition they announce for next season, with their *newly risen sister*, who it should seem is just got up in her *night-cap* and *chemise*, out of a *hot-bed*, will suit better with the character now given of it, than the character given of their exertions in the present season does, in our opinion, with what they have actually done.

HAYMARKET.

A new farce, called "The Child of Chance," was produced on the 8th. Mr. C. Kemble is said to be the author of this piece, and we take it for granted the statement is correct, for as it has been publicly made, we cannot doubt but it would have been immediately contradicted had it been false.

We cannot compliment Mr. C. Kemble on his improvement, since

he last appeared before the public in the character of an author.

"The Child of Chance" is a production poor in every respect; possessing no claim whatever on the approbation, or even on the forbearance, of the public. We shall not speak at length on its defects, as it is now no longer in existence. We are told we should not speak ill of the *dead*, perhaps we ought to say nothing at all of the *d—d*; and we therefore dismiss this subject, just observing, that its reception was that to which from its demerits it was entitled, and after a night or two it was necessarily withdrawn.

On Thursday the 23d, a thing, intitled "The Fortune Hunters," a comedy in three acts, was performed with very indifferent success. By the unbiassed part of the audience it was, after a most patient hearing, condemned; and only obtained a pretension to the public sanction by the warm exertions of first-night friends, with whom the theatre is generally well stocked on bringing out a new piece. This attempt at comedy commences with some spirit and promise; but the characters soon become insipid and monotonous, and the incidents, from repetition, stale and tiresome. After the first act, scene succeeds to scene in the same dull round; scene the 7th, like scene the 1st, or scene the 6th, like scene the 2d. There is no variety; and so great is the sameness, that a spectator might leave the house for an hour, and on his return imagine the performance had been stopped till he came back. It is in vain we look for plot; commonplace character, and commonplace situation, ill combined, and without natural connexion, constitute the whole claims of the Fortune Hunters to that essential of a comedy.

From the first act to the last we are always on the tiptoe of expectation, for something beyond the appearance of the actors on the stage, their conversing together and withdrawing, but as we meet only with disappointment, we wonder what the author will make of the next advance towards the

conclusion of the play, and lo! we have a recurrence of the same characters, in the same situations, and still to no end or purpose. Instead of interest or involution, several excellent opportunities for stage effect are thrown away; and the performers sail on, and sail off, as before, without interruption or collision. They deliver to the person placed opposite to them on the stage

"Long passages which lead to nothing,"

which the person opposite repays in kind. The serious parts of the dialogue have neither novelty of thought, nor elegance of language, to recommend them; and the parts intended to be comic, with the exception of half a dozen smart repartees, are devoid of wit and humour.

The ease of legitimate comedy, the natural introduction and linking together of the *dramatis personæ*, as in the intercourse of society, are, in this play utterly disregarded.—Of this, improbability is the sure consequence, and we are disgusted at seeing parties become instantly familiar and intimate, merely because it pleases the author to bring them on the boards together, and who, off the stage, would have shunned each other like the pestilence. At every turn we are inclined to ask why is this, and why that? and the only satisfactory answer we can devise, is that these circumstances occur because the author wrote a play without remembering that a comedy ought to be the representation of real life.

The performers, and particularly Jones, were most strenuous in their exertions, but no efforts could impart vivacity to a *caput mortuum*.—The fortune hunters, however, are still upon the town (Monday 27th July).—We trust the indulgence may not spoil a young writer (a Mr. Hewlett), who, under salutary criticism, would be more likely to become a successful dramatist; for he is not devoid of sense, and observation, and his muse, under proper direction, might produce rational and amusing matter for the stage.

ENGLISH OPERA.

AT the Lyceum, a piece called, "The Highgate Tunnel," or The Secret Arch," was the first novelty of the month. This piece is a burlesque operatic tragedy, and, like "The Tailors," furnishes a series of bombastic dialogues between persons in low life, touching circumstances of a ludicrous nature, brought forward with all the pomp of the most solemn events of tragedy.

That which once entitled pieces of this description to applause, and which obtained for them their popularity, exists no longer. Those objects of satire, of which the authors of "Chrononhotonthologos" and "Tom Thumb" availed themselves, are not now to be found.—New tragedies have not been produced of late, as in former times, and consequently scenes, resembling in extravagance those which ridiculed the plays of Dennis, Banks, and Thomson, cannot produce the same effect. A piece, which gives ludicrous parodies on the most admired classics, cannot be viewed with the same favour as one which principally struck at the defects of modern productions, unless, as in the case of the "Tailors," taking advantage of some ludicrous controversy, the town-talk of the day, it can so adapt itself to the popular feeling, that the satire may be applied to existing circumstances, and not to those plays on which its parodies are founded.

The author of "The Highgate Tunnel," seems to have thought the late accident at Highgate offered an opportunity of this nature, and he accordingly introduces the publicans of that neighbourhood as conspiring the destruction of the Tunnel. In doing this he burlesques the last equestrian spectacle at Covent Garden, "The Secret Mine," and of course quadrupeds are once more subjected to the lash. This, however, has now become rather stale. The horses were cut up too much last year, to leave room for this arch wag to come forward now with much effect.

The piece altogether, imitates too closely one which it is not intended to ridicule. "Quadrupeds, or the Manager's last kick." It leads us to make a comparison between the two performances, which is in no respect favourable to "The Highgate Tunnel." There was some fun in the idea started in the former, of getting up the "Tailors" with asses, as "Bluebeard," at Covent Garden, had been got up with horses, which is not to be found here. The prelude to that piece was highly entertaining, not so the present. Had that never appeared, this would have been entitled to much higher praise than we can now give, for though some of the scenes boast considerable humour, and though some of the parodies are very humorous, yet still, as a whole, we cannot but condemn it as a servile and inferior imitation of the piece successfully produced last year. Priority of time decides in favour of the Tailors, and all the talent displayed in the Tunnel comes before us, rather unfavourably for the author, in the shape of *crambe repetita*.—It is, however, from an able pen, we believe that of Mr. Smith, well known to the town, through his admirable imitations of Horace, in various periodical publications, and, in spite of criticism, it appears, that he has hit the public taste; for the *Secret Arch* continues to be received with great favour and applause.—Lovegrove, as the Chief of the Publicans, is its principal support, colours his part with the richest comic humour.

Mr. Lewis, whose abilities in making the same dish serve twice, with different sauce, has already been demonstrated in the cookery of his *Wood Demon*, has again been successful in hashing a Comedy (*The East Indian*, performed at Drury Lane) into an Opera, under the title of *Rich and Poor*.—The characters are thus cast—

Lord Listless . . . Mr. OXBERRY.
Modish . . . Mr. PYNE.
Rivers . . . Mr. FAWCETT.
Walsingham . . . Mr. PENSON.
Beauchamp . . . Mr. HORN.

<i>Frank</i>	Mr. KNIGHT.
<i>Squeez'em</i>	Mr. PENLEY.
<i>Friponeau</i>	Mr. WEWITZEN.
<i>Sparkle</i>	Mr. FISHER.
<i>Lady Clara Modish</i>	Mrs. ORGER.
<i>Mrs. Ormond</i>	Miss GRIGLIETTI.
<i>Miss Chatterall</i>	Mrs. HARLOWE.
<i>Zorayda</i>	Miss KELLY.
<i>Mrs. Secret</i>	Mrs. BLAND.

Rivers, having impaired his fortune in his youth, seeks to repair it in India, where, under the assumed name of *Martimer*, he amasses an immense property.

His only daughter, *Zorayda*, having eloped from him with *Colonel Beauchamp*, who had gained admittance into his house, under the assumed name of *Dorimont*.—*Beauchamp*, who, some time before he became acquainted with *Zorayda*, had separated from his wife, a woman of dreadful temper; on his arrival in London, with the fair runaway, places her under the protection of *Lady Clara Modish*, an affected, dissipated woman of quality, who is married to a relation of *Mr. Rivers*.—*Rivers*, before he disposes of his property, is determined to discover the real character of his relatives: for this purpose he calls on *Mr. Modish*, and, having feigned extreme distress, requests pecuniary assistance, but is treated with contempt. He next applies to *Mrs. Ormond*, the sister of *Modish*; who, though in extreme want herself, stretches forth the hand of charity to him. He rewards her noble-minded conduct, by immediately rendering her independent.

While he is intent on revenge, against *Beauchamp*, his daughter, veiled, is introduced to him, by *Mrs. Ormond*, as the *Miss Mandeville*, whom he has commissioned to negotiate with in the morning. He proceeds to paint the dreadful feelings to which her father must be a prey, and implores her to return to him before his hatred becomes rooted. Suddenly she discovers herself, and, overcome by her tears and entreaties he pardons her. *Beauchamp*, who has received certain intelligence of the death of his wife, makes the *amende honorable*, by giving his hand to *Zorayda*, and a

general reconciliation takes place.

There is no writer of the present day so well acquainted with stage effect, and the machinery of the playwright, as Mr. Lewis. The strong interest of this story, however improbable, the rapid succession of incident, the agreeable admixture of grave and gay, and the elegance of the language, must captive the great majority of an audience, and delight all those who look no farther into the drama than to be agitated by a pathetic, and amused by a humorous, scene. But to those who look for instruction to be mingled with entertainment; who desire purity of moral to be combined with affecting situation; who think that dramatic justice requires guilt to be confounded, and vice punished, folly abashed and virtue rewarded—to those the opera of Rich and Poor will appear to have few claims on praise; few merits to disarm the severity of criticism. Like the Society for the Suppression of Vice, Mr. Lewis lashes petty crimes without mercy, but either suffers the more atrociously elevated to pass unnoticed, or employs the powers of his pen to palliate and excuse them.—He seems to have taken the motto, "All's well that ends well," and accordingly, instead of making a poetical example of an unfeeling fashionable couple, of a worthless child, and an abandoned married seducer, they are, unrepentant and unworthy, restored to fortune, and blessed with forgiveness.

The principal character, Rivers, is most unnatural.—The strong feelings of a father might indeed induce him, in the moment they are so forcibly appealed to, to pardon his lost and ungrateful child; but no human passion, no ordinary principle, can be assigned as the foundation for his sudden return of regard for the villain who had requited his friendship by destroying his peace, and heaping wealth upon his kindred who had repaid his affection with coolness, indifference, and insult; and whose new professions he has every reason to believe flow from no source more pure, than regard for his immense

fortune.—The reconciliation scene between Rivers and his daughter Zorayda as effective on the stage, or as a piece of acting, cannot be too highly applauded, but as either just or natural there is no condemnation for it too severe.—Is the public taste, indeed, so much depraved, that it can endure to see the protraction of the prayer for mercy, in a daughter who comes to seek pardon from a heart-broken and incensed parent, whom she has deserted for the lawless love of a married man? If the situation is felt at all, it must be, with disgust, observed, that the deluded wretch does not instantly hurry forward, and throw herself in agony at the feet of her afflicted father.—For who, that has a spark of nature in their hearts, can bear to see the mummery of this veiled hide-and-seek assailant probing, as it were, every nerve, and agitating every passion, in an old man, that could touch him with sorrow, or, tear him with conflicting emotions.

It is equally impossible to reduce the conduct of Beauchamp and Zorayda to any scale of human action that is compatible with virtue.—They have lamentations for their error in their mouths, but they go on sinning, in the *proper* hope that the speedy death of Mrs. Beauchamp will hereafter enable them to sanction infidelity by law, and excuse adultery by the "*amende honorable*." (Oh foul use of a fair phrase!)

Their mode of soothing their consciences is pretty accurately described by the seducer, in his verse of the finale—

" Beauchamp (to Zorayda).
" Our faults, my love, we frankly
owned;
And anger now is o'er;
Behind the curtain all's aton'd,
Be you as kind, before"!!!!!!

The advocacy of duelling by Rivers, an amiable and good man, is of a piece with the morality of the above, and with the whole tendency of the opera; upon which we shall no further bestow our censure, having in this respect, we trust, sufficiently exposed it.

The inferior agents in the play are not intimately connected with the main plot, or in any way accessory to carrying out the denouement.—The comic scenes in which they are engaged, however, display considerable vivacity, and afford a good relief to those of a serious cast.

Invention is not among the claims of the author, who has freely imitated the School for Scandal, and freely borrowed from the French "*L'Habitant de la Guadeloupe*," and the German "*Der Vetter von Lissabon*" of SCHROEDER, in both of which pieces the same story has been dramatised.

The poetry is not so good as might be expected from Mr. Lewis—the music is sweet, and the selection does great credit to Mr. Horn's taste.

The performers merit every praise—Fawcett and Miss Kelly pre-eminently distinguished themselves.

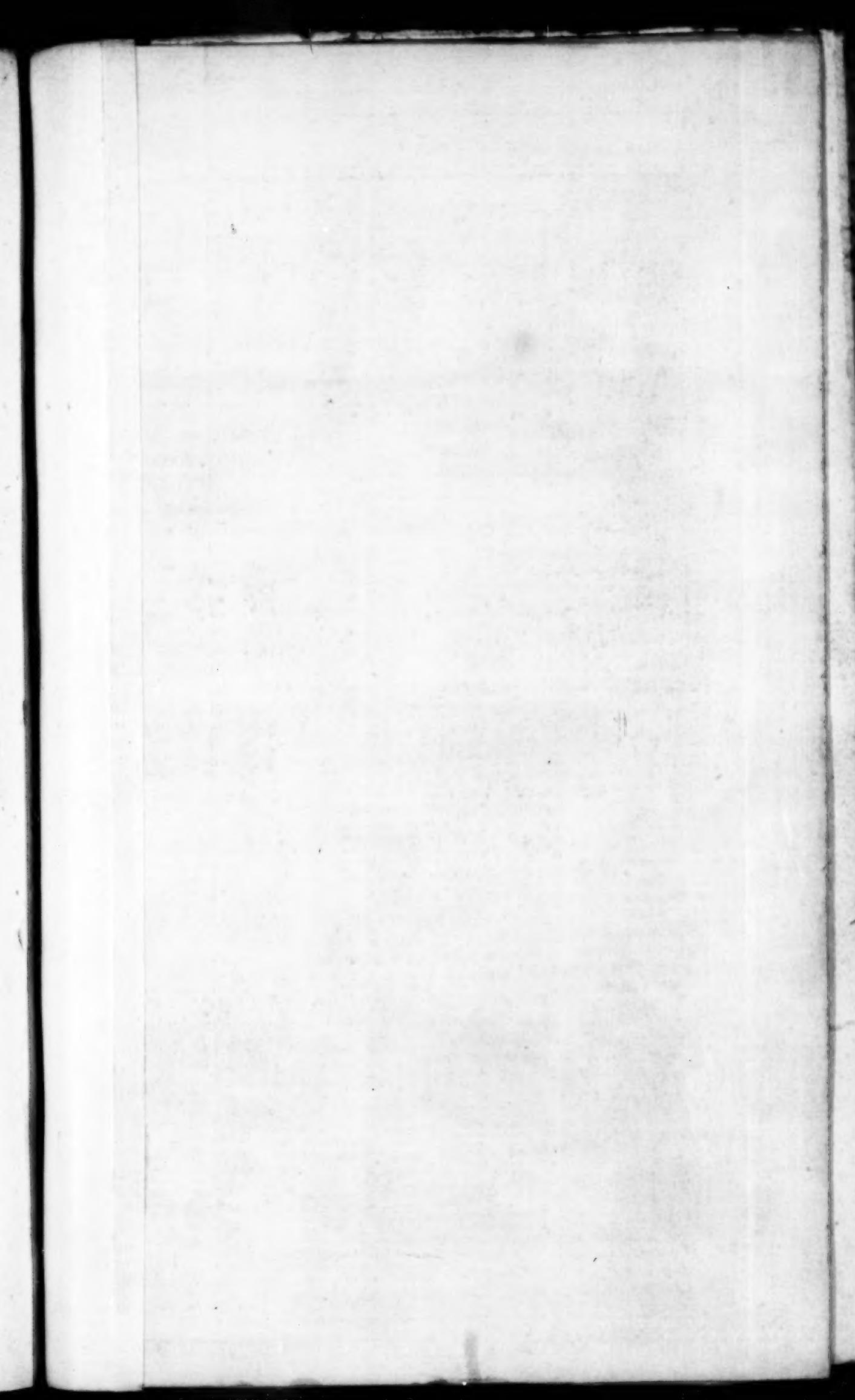
VAUXHALL MASQUERADE.

It has been argued by some writers, that the temper and disposition of the English people were incongenial with the amusement of masquerading.—Into the discussion of this disputed point we shall not enter; suffice it to say, that the weather, on the day of the masquerade in Vauxhall Gardens, proved, beyond a doubt, that such fêtes, *in fresco*, were, at least, incongenial with the English climate.—It was a day of rain, but the night becoming more favourable (*over head*) than could have been expected, about eleven o'clock a crowd of the thoughtless, dissipated, and debauched, assembled together under various disguises and dripping trees.

As is usual on such occasions, a vast proportion of the company were in dominoes. "The company," we wish our readers to understand, is not a term here so much misapplied; as the company belonging to Astley, the company of Sadler's Wells, the Circus company, the Tothill-fields company, and various City companies, and drunken companies, did actually congregate to form one grand company, combining all the talents, &c. of the metropolis.—Among the most distinguished visitors was the notable

Mr. Cock-a-doodle Coates of theatrical notoriety. He paraded about unmasked (as if his ugliness was sufficient), till the mobility smoked him, and he was hooted out of the Gardens.—Among the masks there were few kings, duns, ancient noblesse, or characters of the higher order, such as are often seen at masquerades; but this deficiency was amply compensated by the infinite variety of comic and low life; dustmen, chimney-sweepers, watchmen, scavengers, jackass-men, waggoners, clowns, harlequins, chambermaids, and courtezans, were very numerous, and excellently supported. Among the best groupes we noticed one of chimney sweepers, who threw soot in the eyes of the company; and another of coal-heavers, who d—d and b—d with all the elegant volubility of St. Giles's.—But by far the most successful groupe was that of a gang of hustlers and pick-pockets.—They sustained their characters so naturally, and looked so like the thing, that the company for a short time did not really know what they were! Many of the ladies, too, in the gaiety of the scene, entered completely into the spirit of frolic, and it was no easy matter to discover whether they graced St. James's, or the saint above mentioned. Whether proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk.

it must be confessed they played their parts to admiration. Indeed so genuine and pre-eminent did the acting at last become, that it was impossible to withstand the humours and enchantments of the gardens. Identity seemed to be forgot in the revelry and jocularity of the scene, and we fancied that all before us must be more than imaginary—We were lost in wonder at the facility with which persons of rank and fashion slipped into personations so little allied to their usual habits, when suddenly an outcry of thieves, and an alarm of murder, opened our eyes, and we hurried from the seat of fun, with emptied fob and pockets, wofully convinced that these gay and game characters were not assumed, but real!!!





Satirist inv.^t

The CONFESSORAL or CONCE

11-175

September 1812.



CESSION without the VETO. W.H.C. Koob del. et ag. fort. scit.